

2, 2 **A Comedye concernynge  
thre lawes, Compyled by Johan Bale.**

Baleus prolocutor.



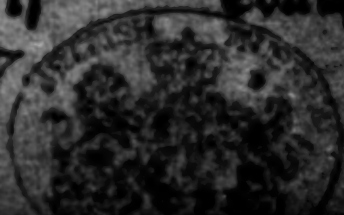
A ych comen wylt he, most hygh pryche  
mynence,  
Is due vnto lawes. for sodch commodyte,  
As is had by them. for as Cicero geuerth  
sentence

Where as is no lawe, can no good order be,  
In nature, in people, in howse nor yet in citie.  
The bodyes aboue, are vnderneath a lawe,  
Who coulde rule the worlde, were it not vndre a roe.  
Lyke as Chrysippus, full clarkely doth dysfynne,  
Lawe is a teacher, of matters necessary,  
A knowledg of thynges, both natur all and deuyns  
Perswadynge all truth, dysfswadynge all iniury.  
A gyfte of the lorde, deuoyde of all obprobry,  
An wholesom doctryne, of men dyscrete and wyse,  
A grace from aboue and a very heauenly pryncesse.  
Our heauenly maker, mannyfolynge to direct,  
The lawes of Nature, of Bondage, and of Grace,  
Sent into thys worlde, with vycyousnesse infect,  
In all ryghteousnesse, to walke before hye face.  
But Infydelyte, somwether in euery place,  
That vnder the heuens, no thyng is pure & cleane,  
Somoch the people, to hye peruerse wayes leane.  
The lawe of Nature, hye fylth by dysposycyon.

A ii

Corrupter

43 7 6 77



Corrupteth with ydolles, and styntyng Sodometry.  
The lawe of Moses, with Auaryce and Ambycyon,  
Be also poluteith. And euer continually,  
Christes lawe he defyleth, with cursed hypocresy,  
And with false doctryne, as wyll aperc in presence,  
To the edysyng, of thys Christen audyence.

Of Infydelyte, God wyll hymself reuenge.  
With plages of water, of wyldefyre and of sworde,  
And of hys people, due homage he wyll chalenge,  
Euer to be knowne, for their God and good lorde,  
After that he hath, thoselawes agayne restorde,  
To their first bewtye, comytinge them to sayth,  
He is now in place, marke therfor what he sayth.

Actus Primus.

Deus Pater.



I am Deus pater, a substaunce inuysyble,

All one with the sonne, & holy ghost  
in essence.

To Angell and Man. I am incomprehensyble,

A strength infynyte, a ryghteousnesse, a prudence,

A mercy, a goodnesse, a truth, a lyfe, a sapyence.

In heauen and in earth, we made all to our glory,

Man euer hauyng, in a specyall memory.

Man I saye agayne, whych is our owne elect,

Our



De Legibus diuinis Comœdia

Our chosen creature, and seruaunt ouer all,  
Aboue the others, peculyarly select,  
To do vs homage and on our name to call,  
Acknowlegynge vs for hys author princypall.  
Indued hym we haue, with gyftes of specyall grace  
And lawes wyll we sende, to gouerne hym in place.

Steepe fourth ye iii. lawes, for gydaunce of Manfynde  
Whom most inteyrly. in hart we loue and fauer.  
And teach hym to walke, accordynge to our mynde,  
In clenness of lyfe, and in a gentyll behauer.  
Sepely instruct hym, our mysteryes to sauer,  
By the workes of fayth, all vices to seclude,  
And preserue in hym, our godly symyltude.

Naturæ lex.

Of duty we ought, alwayes to be obeysaunt,  
To your cōmaundement, for iust it is and plesant.

Moseh lex

Your preceptes are true, & of perpetuall strength  
On iustyce grounded, as wyll apere at length.

Christi lex.

Proudenesse ye abhorre, with lyfe inconuenientes,  
All they are cursed, wyth go fro your cōmañdemētes

Deus Pater.

Our lawes are all one, though yow do thre apere  
Lyke wyse as our wyll, is all one in effect.  
But by cause that Man, in hymself is not clere  
To tyme and persone, as now we haue respect,

De legibus diuinis Comœdia.

And as thre teachers, to hym we yow direct,  
Though ye be but one. In token that we are thre,  
Dystrynte in persone, and one in the deyte.

Naturæ lex.

We consydre that, for as concernynge Man,  
Foure seuerall tymes, are moch to be respected.  
Of Innocency first, of hys transgressyon than,  
Than the longe season, wherin he was afflycted,  
Synally the tyme, wherin he was redeemed.  
Of pleasure is the first, the seconde of exyle.  
The thirde doth ponyssh, the four doth reconcyle,

Moleh lex.

Whā Angell was made, thys lawe he had by & by,  
To serue yow hys lord, and with laudes to prosecute  
Thys lawe was geuen Man, in tyme of innocency,  
In no wyse to eat, of the forbydden frute.  
These two lawes broken, both they were destitute,  
Of their first fredome, to their most hygh decaye,  
Tyll your only sonne, ded mānys whole rāsome paye

Christi lex.

Whan Angell in heauen, and Man in paradise,  
Those lawes had brokē. The lawe of wycked Sathā  
Impugned your lawes, by craft & subtyl practyse.  
Wher yow sayd. Eat not. He sayd vnto the womā,  
Eat, Ye can not dye, As Godes ye shall be than.  
By thys first of all, your lawdes Man proued true.  
And Sathans lawe false, whych he now dayly rue.

Deus pater.

Aete



Actus Primus.

Lette hym thā beware, how he our lawes neglect  
Only to Angell, and Man we gaue lyberte,  
And they onlye fell, becommynge a frowarde sect,  
Not by our macyon, but their owne vanyte.  
For that we gaue them, to their felycyte,  
Abused they haue, to their perpetuall euyl.  
Man is now mortall and Angell become a deuyl.

Lose Man we wyll not, though he frō vs doth fal  
Our loue towardes hym wyll be moch better than so  
Thy lawe of Nature, teache thy hym first of all,  
Hys lorde God to knowe, and that is ryght to do.  
Charge and enforce hym, in the wayes of vs to go,  
Thy lawe of Moses, And Christes lawe synally  
Rayse hym and saue hym, to our perpetuall glory.

Naturæ lex.

For tyme of exyle, than I must be hys teacher.

Deus Pater.

Yea, for thre ages, both gyde and gouerner.  
From Adam to Noah, from Noah, to Abraham,  
And than to Moses, whych is the sonne of Amram,

Naturæ lex.

Where must I remayne, for the tyme I shall be here.

Deus Pater.

In the hart of Man, hys conscyence for to stere,  
To ryghteous lyuynge, and to a iust beleue,  
In token wherof, thys hart to the I geue.

Hic pro suo signo cor ministrat.

A iiii

Thy



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Thu shalt want no grace, to comfort hym withall,  
If he to the sayth, of my first promyse fall.

Moseh lex.

Then my course is next, for tyme of hys pōnishment

Deus Pater.

For thre ages more, to the must he consent.

From Moses to Dauid frō then to the Jewes exyle  
And so fourth to Christ, whych wyll Man reconcyle

Moseh lex.

Where shall I sweete lorde, for that same seasō dwell

Deus Pater.

With soch harder rulers, as wyll the people compell,  
Our mynde to fulfyll, withuot vayne gaude or fable  
For a sygne of thys, holde these same stony tables.

Hic pro signo lapideas dat ei tabulas.

All they that obserue, our lawes inuolablye,  
Shall euery where prospere, increase and multiplye

Christi lex

Then I perceyue well, my course is last of all.

Deus Pater

What thought it be so yet art thou pryncypall,  
Our all the worlde, thy beames shalt thou extende,  
And styll contynue, tyll the worlde be at an ende.

Christi lex.

Where shall I farther, for that same tyme perseuer?

Deus Pater.

With the faythfull soet, must thou contynue ever.  
Thu shalt my people, returne from farre exyle,  
And for euermore, to my grace reconcyle

End

Actus primus

Take this precyouse boke, for a token enyde,  
A scale of my couenaunt, and a lyuyng testament.

Hic pro signo datei nouum testamentum

They that beleue it shall lyue for evermore,  
And theyt hat do not, wyll rue their folysore,

Blessed shall he be, that yow my lawes wyll kepe,  
In cytie and felde, whether he do worke or slepe,  
Hys wyfe shall encrease, hys land shall frutyfyre,  
And of hys enemyes, he shall haue vycторыe,  
The skye wyll geue rayne, whā seasonable tyme shall  
The workes of hys hādes, shall haue prosperyte. (be.  
Cursed shall they be, that wyll not our lawes fulfyll,  
Without and within, at market and at myll.  
Of corne and cattell, they shall haue non increasse,  
Within their owne howse, shall sorowes neuer cease  
Viener shall they be, without byle, botche, or blayne,  
The pestylence & poxe, wyll worke the deadly paynes

Shewe this vnto Man, & byd hym take good hede,  
Of our ryghteousnesse, to stande alwayes in drede.  
We vyssyre the synne, and the great abhomynacyon,  
Of the wycked sort, to thirde and fort generacyon.  
Thulawe of Nature, instruct hym first of all,  
Thulawe of Moses, correct hym for hys fall,

And thulawe of Christ, geue hym a godly mynde,  
Rayse hym vnto grace, & saue hym from the synde,



De Legibus diuinis Comœdia.

Our heavenly blessinge, be with you every one,

Omnes simul.

All prayse and glory, to your maieste alone.

Christi lex.

Here styll to tarry, I thynke it be your mynde.

Naturæ lex.

My offyce ye knowe, is to instruct Mankynde.

Moleh lex.

Than God be with you, we leaue ye here behynde,

Finit Actus primus

Incipit Actus secundus.

Naturæ lex.

Exeunt.

**T**he lawe in effect, is a teacher generall,  
What is to be done. & what to be layed asyde  
But as touchynge me the first lawe naturall

A knowledg I am whom God in Man doth hyde,  
In hys whole workynge, to be to hym a gyde,  
To honour hys God and seke hys neybers helth,  
A great occasyon, of peace and publyque welth,

A sore charge I haue, Mankynde to ouer se.  
And to instruct hym, hys lord God to obaye.  
That lord of heauen graunt, I may so do my deuotie  
That he be pleased, and Man brought to a staye.  
Hys brittle nature, hys flyppernesse to waye,

Mod



Actus secundus.

Nach doth prouoke me. But if God set to hande,  
He shall do full wel. for non maye hym withstande.  
Infidelitas.

Brom, brom, brom, brém, brom.) Bye brom bye

bye. Bromes for shoes and pouch crynges, botes and

bustyns for newe bromes/

Brom, brom, brom.

Marry God geue ye good even.

And the holyman saynt Streuen,

Sende ye a good newe yeare.

I wolde haue brought ye the paxe.

O: els anymage of waxe.

If I had knowne ye heare.

I wyll my selfe so handle,

That ye shall haue a candle.

Whan I come hyther agaynes

At thys your soden mocyon.

I was in soch deuocyon,

Naturæ lex. corrupta.

I had nere broke a wayne.

Naturæ lex.

That myght haue done ye smart.

Infidelitas.

No, no, it was but a fart,

For pastyme of my hart,

I wolde ye had it forsoth.

In scruppor in sowse,

But for noyaunce of the howse,

For easement of your roth,

Now haue I my dreame in dede,

God sende me wele to spede,

And swete saynt Antony,

I thought I shuld mete a knaue,

And now that fortune I haue

Amonge thys company.

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou call me knane?

Infidelitas.

I sayd. I wolde be your slaue,

If your grace wolde me haue,

And do your worke anon,

I wolde so rubbe your botes,

Therofe shuld from the rotes,

Whan ye shuld do them on,

Naturæ lex.

Thou art dysposed to mocke,

Sone mayst thou haue a knocke,

If thou with me so game.

Infidelitas.

Your mouth shall kysse my docke,

Your tonge shall it vnlocke,

But I saye what is your name.

Naturæ lex.

I am the lawe of Nature.

Infidelitas.

I thought so by your stature,

And by your auneynt gature,

Ye were of soch a rature,

Whan I first heard yespere.

Ye commoned with God lately,

And now ye are hys bayly,

Man fynde to rule dyscretely,

Welcome syr huddypere.

Naturæ lex.

If thou vse soch vyllanye.

I shall dysplease the trulye.

Infidelitas.

By the masse I the defye,

With thy whole cuckoldrye,

And all that with the holde.

Naturæ lex.

Why dost thou me blasphemie,

And so vngodly deme?

Infidelitas.

For by thys blessed boke,

Twene



Naturæ lex. corrupta.

I went ye had bene a coke,  
And that made me so bolde,  
For a coke ones hauynge age  
With a face demure and sage,  
And auneynt to beholde.  
As you haue here in place,  
With a bearde vpon your face,  
What is he but a coke olde?

Naturæ lex.

Ye are dysposed to dallye,  
To leape and ouersallye,  
The compasse of your wytt  
I counsell ye yet in season,  
Sume what to folowe reason,  
And gnawe vpon the bytte,

Infidelitas.

Then after our great madnesse,  
Let vs fall to some sadnesse,  
And tell me what ye in tende,

Naturæ lex.

God sent me vnto Man,  
To do the best I can,  
To cause hym to amende.

So che creatures as want reason,  
My rules obye yche season,  
And that in euey bordre.  
The sunne and mone doth mone,

With

With the other bodyes aboue,  
And neuer breake their ordre.

The trees and herbes doth growe,  
The see doth ebbe and flowe,  
And varyeth not a nayle.  
The floudes and wholsom spraynges,  
With other naturall thynges,  
Their course do neuer fayle

The beastes and byrdes engendre,  
So do the fysches tendre,  
Accordynge to their fyn de  
Alonely man doth fall,  
From good lawes naturall,  
By a frowarde wycked mynde.

Infidelitas.

Now wyll I proue ye a lyar,  
Next cosyn to a fryar,  
And on the gall ye rubbe.  
Ye saye thy folowe your lawe,  
And varyee not a strawe,  
Whych is a tale of a tubbe/

The sunne ones in the clyppes  
Awaye the clerenesse slyppes  
And darkened is the daye,  
Of the planetes influence,

Tryfery

Naturæ lex corrupta.

Dryseth the pestylence,  
To manye ones decaye,

Sorh not the see so rage,  
That non can it aswage,  
And swallowe in towne and streete  
The ayre whych geueth breathe,  
Sumtyme infecteth to deathe,  
By hys most pestylent heate.

The beastes oft vndermyne,  
Whych were left to mannys cure,  
Wyll hym sumtyme deuoure.  
Thus are your rules forgote,  
As thynges of slendre note,  
In creatures daye and houre,  
Naturæ lex.

It is the wyll of God,  
To vse them as a rod,  
Of hys iust punnyshment.  
Whan Man doth not regarde,  
The lorde nor hys rewarde,  
Nor to hys lawes consent.

They neuer are so punnysh,  
But whan God doth Man punnysh.  
For hys unhappynesse.  
From God they neuer fall,



**Admiration**

Not from lawes naturall,

Soynge hys busynesse,

Infidelitas.

And yow are the same lawe,

That kepe them vndre awe,

By youy most polytyfe wytt:

Naturæ lex.

God hath appoynted me,

Mankynde to ouerse,

And in hys hart to sytt.

To teache hym, for to knowe,

In the creatures hygh and lowe,

Hys gloryouse mageste,

And on hys name to call,

Or power celestyall,

In hys necessyte,

To thynke hym euerlastyng,

And wonderfull in workyng,

And that he createth all,

Both gouerne and conserue.

From them he neuer swerue,

That to soch fayth wyll-fall.

Infidelitas.

In dede here is good sport:

But why do yow resort,

Vnto this present place:

Naturæ lex.

**B**

**Man**

Naturæ lex corrupta  
Man alwayes to exhort,  
To seke all helth and confort,  
Of the only God of graces;  
First in the hartes reioyce,  
And than with open voyce,  
To worshypp hym alone.  
Knowledgyngc hys deyte,  
Hys power and eternyte,  
Whan he shall make hys mones  
Infidelitas:

I shall kepe ye as well from that,  
As my grandame kept her cat,  
From lyctynge of her creame.

Naturæ lex.

What wilt thou kepe me fro?  
Tell me ere thou farr her go,  
Me thynte thou art in a dreame.

Infidelitas.

From causynge of Manfynde,  
To geue to God hys mynde,  
Or hys obedyence.

Naturæ lex.

What is thy name: tell me.

Infidelitas.

Marry Infydelyte,  
Whych neuer wyll agre,  
To your benyuolence.

Naturæ lex.

Thy

Actus secundus.

Thu cannyst not kepe me from man,

In fidelitas.

Yet wyll I do the best I can,

To trouble ye now and than,

That ye shall not preuaile.

I wyll cause ydolatrie.

And most vyle sodomye,

To worke so on graciouslye,

Ye shall of your purpose fayle:

Naturæ lex.

I desye the wycked synde,

With thy whole venemouse kynde,

God putterh now in my mynde,

To fle thy compaignye.

In fidelitas.

Ye are so blessed a Saynt,

And your self so wele can paynt,

That I must me acquaint,

With you no remedye.

Naturæ lex.

Auoyde the cruell enemye,

I wyll non of the trulye,

But shurne thy compaignye,

As I wolde the demyll of hells

In fidelitas.

Exit.

And are ye gone in dede?

Small wyttam be your spede,

B ij

Exceps



Natura lex corrupta;

Except ye take good hede,

I wyll be next of your counsell.

Now wyll I worke sod masterye,

By craftes and sutyle polycye,

The lawe of nature to poysen.

With pestylent ydolatrie,

And with most stynkyng sodomye,

That he shall haue no foyson.

Where are these vyllen fnaues?

The deuyls ownelychyn slaues,

That them I can not se.

I coniure yow both here,

And charge ye to apere,

Lyke two fnaues as ye be.

Sodomismus.

Monachus.

Ambo is a name full cleane,

Knowe ye not what I mean?

And are so good a clarke.

Infidelitas.

By Tetragrammaton,

I charge ye, apere anon,

And come out of the darke.

Sodomismus.

Intransimus.

Haue in than at a dash,

With swash myrre anet swash,

Yet maye I not be to rash,

For

Actus secundus.

For my holy orders sake.

Idololatria.

Necromantie

No: I sonne by my trouth,  
Tha caute a corage of flouth,  
And soch a comberouse couth,  
ych were not what to do.

Infidelitas.

At Christmas and at Paffe.  
ye maye daunce the deuyll a masse,

Whyls hys great carodron plawe,  
yow soch a prati mynyon,  
And yow now in relygyon,

Soch two I neuer sawe.  
Is not thy name ydolatrie?

Sodomismus.

yes, an wholsom woman verelye,  
And wele seane in Phylosophye,  
Mennys fortunes she can tell,  
She can by sayenge her Ave marye,  
And by other charmes of forcerye,  
Ease men of toth ake by and bye,

yea, and fatche the deuyll from hell.  
She can mylke the cowe and hunte the fore,  
And helpe men of the ague and pore,  
So they brynge moneye to the boxe,  
Whan they to her make mene.

She can fatch agayne all that is lost,  
And drawe drynke out of a rotten post.

B ij

Without



Natura lex corrupta.

Without the helpe of the holye Ghost,

In workynges she is alone,

Infidelitas.

What, sumtyme thou wert an he,

Idololatria.

Yea, but now ych am a she,

And a good mydwyfe per de,

Yonge chyldren can I harme.

With whysperynges and wysshynges,

With crossynges and with kyssynges

With blasynynges and with blessinges,

That spretes do them no harme.

Infidelitas.

Then art thou lyke to Clisthenes,

To Clodius and Euclides,

Sardinapalus and Hercules,

Whych themselves oft transfourmed,

Into a womannys lycenes,

With agylte and quycenes,

But they had Venus syckenes,

As writers haue declared.

Sodomismus.

Lette her tell fourth her matter.

Idololatria.

With holye oyle and watter,

I can so cloyne and clatter,

That I can at the latter,

Manye suttylces contriue.

Jean

I can worke wyles in battle,  
If I do ones but spattle,  
I can make come and cattle,  
That they shall neuer thryue.

Whan ale is in the farr,  
If the bruar please me nart,  
The east shall fall downe flat,  
And neuer haue any strength.  
No man shall tonne nor bafe,  
Nor meate in season make,  
If I agaynst hym take,  
But lose hys labour at length.

Their wellys I can vp drye,  
Cause trees and herbes to dye,  
And slee all pullerye,  
Where as men doth me moue,  
I can make stoles to daunce,  
And earthen pottes to prauince,  
That non shall them enhaunce,  
And do but cast my gloue.

I haue charmes for the plowgh,  
And also for the cowgh,  
She shall geue mylke ynowgh,  
So longe as I am pleased.  
Specce the mylle shall go.



So shall the credle do,  
And the musterde querne also,  
No man therwith dyseased,

Infidelitas.

Then art thou for me sytt.

Sodomismus.

The woman hath a wytt,  
And by her gere can sytt,

Though she be sumwhat olde:

It is myne owne swete bullye,

My mustyne and my mullye,

My geouer and my cullye,

Yea, myne owne swete hart of Golde.

Infidelitas.

I saye yet not to bolde.

Idololatria.

Peace sondelinge, tush a button,

Infidelitas:

What wilt thou fall to mutton?

And playe the hungry glutton,

Afore thys cumpanye?

Ranke lone is full of heate,

Where hungry dogges lacke meate,

They wyll durty puddynge eate,

For wante of befe and conye.

Hygh. mynyon for monye,

A good is draffe as honye,

Whan

When the daye is whore and sonnye,  
By the blessed rode of Kent.

Sodomismus.

Saye fourth your mynde good mother,  
For thys man is non other,  
But our owne louynge brother,  
And is very wele content.

Idololatria.

I neuer mysse but paulter,  
Our blessed ladyes psaulter,  
Before saynt Sauers aulter,  
With my bedes ones a daye.  
And thys is my commien cast,  
To heare Masse first or last.  
And the holy frydaye fast,  
In good tyme mowt I it saye:

+ With blessinges of Saynt Germyne,  
I wyll me so determyne,  
That neyther foxe nor vermyne,  
Shall do my chufens harme.  
For your gese seke saynt Legearde,  
And for your duckes saynt Lenarde,  
For horse take Moyses yearde,  
There is no better charme.

Take me a napfyn folte,  
With the byas of a bolte,

B v

50



For the healyng of a coltre,  
No better chynge can be.  
For lampes and for bottles.  
Take me saynt Wylfrides knottes,  
And holy saynt Thomas lottes,  
On my lyfe I warande ye.

For the cowngh take Judas care,  
With the parynge of a peare,  
And drynke them without feare  
If ye wyll haue remedy.  
Thre syppes are for the hyscock,  
And vi. more for the chyscock.  
Thus maye my praty pycock.  
Recover by and by.

If ye cannot slepe but slumber,  
Geue otes vnto saynt Vincumber,  
And beanes in a ferten number.  
Vnto saynt Blase and saynt Blythes  
Geue onyons to saynt Cutlake,  
And garlyke to saynt Cyryake,  
If ye wyll shurne the head ake,  
Ye shall haue them at quene hythe.

A dramme of a shepes tyrdle,  
And good saynt Frances gyrdle,  
With the hamlet of an hyrdle,

**Actus secundus.**

Are wholesome for the pyper  
Besyde these charmes afore,  
I haue feared many more,  
That I kepe styll in store,  
Whome now I ouer hyppre.

**Infidelitas.**

It is a spoart I trowe,  
To heare how she out blowe,  
Her witche craftes on a rowe,  
By the Masse I must nedes smile,  
Now I praye the let me knowe,  
What sedest that thou cannyst sowe,  
Mankynde to ouer throwe,  
And the lawe of nature begyle.

**Sodomismus.**

My selfe I so behaue,  
And am so vyle a knaue,  
As nature doth depiaue,  
And vicerlye abhoire.  
I am soche a vyce trulye,  
As God in hys great furye,  
Sed ponnysh most terriblye,  
In Sodome and in Gomorre.

In the fleshe I am a fyre,  
And soch a vyle desyre,  
To brynge men to the myre,  
Of foule concupyscence.

Naturæ lex corrupta.

We two togyther beganne,  
To sprynge and to growe in manne,  
As Thomas of Aquyne scanne,  
In the fort boke of hys sentence,

I dwelt amonge the Sodomytes,  
The Beniamytes, and Madyanytes,  
And now the popysh hypocrytes,  
Embrace me euey where.

I am now become all spyrytuall,  
For the clergie at Rome and ouer all,  
For want of wyues to me doth fall,  
To God they haue no feare.

The chyldren of God I ded so moue,  
That they the daughters of men ded loue,  
Workynge soch wayes as ded not behoue,  
Tyll the floude them ouer went.  
With Noes sonne Cha I was half ioyned,  
Whan he hys dronken father scorned,  
In the Gomorytes I also reigned,  
Tyll the hand of God them biente

I was with Onan not vnaacquaynted,  
Whan he on the grounde hys increase shed,  
For me hys bretherne Joseph accused,  
As Genesis doth tell.  
Dauid ones warned all men of vs two,



Actus secundus.

Do not as mules and horses wyll do,  
Confounded be they that to ymages go,  
Those are the wayes to hell.

Both Esaye and Ezechiel,  
Both Hieremy and Daniel,  
Of vs the abhomynacions tell,  
With the prophetes euerychon,  
For vs two God strake with fyre & watter,  
With battayle, with plagues & fearfull matter,  
With paynefull cryle, than at the latter,  
Into Egypt and Babylon.

As Paule to the Romanes testyfy,  
The gentyles after Idolatrye,  
Fell to soch bestyall Sodomye,  
That God ded them forsake.  
Who foloweth vs as he confesse,  
The kyngedome of God shall neuer possesse,  
And as the Apocalypse expresse,  
Shall synke to the burnynge lake.

We made Thalon and Eophocles,  
Thamiras, Nero, Agathecles,  
Tiberius and Aristoteles,  
Themselues to vsennaturallye  
Teaught Aristo and Fuluius,  
Semiramis and Boethius.

Crates,

Naturæ lex corrupta:  
Crathes, Hylicus, and Pontius,  
Beastes to abuse most monstrous usye.  
Infidelitas.

Marry thou art the deuyl himselfe,  
Idololatria.

If ye knewe how he coulde pelfe,  
Ye wolde saye he were soch an elfe,  
As non vnder heauen were els  
Infidelitas.

The fellowe is wele decked,  
Dysgyssed and wele necked,  
Both knaue balde and pye pecked,  
He lacketh nothyng but beloe  
Sodomismus.

In the first age I beganne,  
And so persouerde with manne,  
And styll wyll if I canne,  
So longe as he endure.  
If monkyshe sectes renue,  
And popyshe prestes contynue,  
Whych are of my retynue,  
To lyue I shall be sure.

Cleane Marriage they forbyd,  
Yet can not their wayes be hyd,  
All knowe what hath betyd,  
Whan they haue bene in parell.  
Ofte haue they buryed quicke,

**A Answer vnto**

Such as were neuer sycke,  
Full many a pious trycke,  
They haue to helpe their quarell.

In Rome to me they fall,  
Both Byshopp and Cardynall,  
Monke, fryer, prest and all,  
More ranke they are than antea  
Example in pope Iulye,  
Whych sought to haue in hys furye,  
Two laddes, and to vse them beastlye,  
From the Cardynall of Vances.

**Infidelitas.**

Well, you two are for my mynde,  
Steppc fourth and do your fynde,  
Leaue neuer a poyn be hynde,  
That maye corrupt in man,  
The lawe wryt in hys hart.  
In hys flesh do thy part.  
And hys soule to peruart,  
Do thou the best thou can.

**Ad Sodo.**

**Ad Idol.**

Here haue I praty gynnes,  
Both brouches, beades and pynnes,  
With such as the people wyntes,  
Vnto ydolatrie.

Take thou part of them here,  
Beades, rynges, and other gere,

**Ad Idol.**

**And**



Naturæ lex corrupta,  
And shoulde the bestere,  
To deceyue Man properlye.

Take thys same staffe and scryppe,  
With a God here of a hypppe,  
And good beldame forewarde hypppe,  
To set fourth pylgrymage.  
Set thu fourth Sacramentals,  
Saye dyrge and synge for trentals,  
Stodye the popes Secretals,  
And mixt them with buggerage,

Here is a stoole for the,  
A ghostlye father to be,  
Take care, Benedicite,  
A bore of creame and cyle.  
Here is a purse of rellyckes,  
Ragges, rotten benes, and styckes,  
A taper with other tryckes,  
Shewethem in euery soyle.  
Sodomilmus.

I wyll corrupt Gods Image,  
With most vnlawfull vsage,  
And brynge hym into dottage,  
Of all concupyscence,  
Idololatrya.

Within the flesh thou art,  
But I dwell in the hart,

And

Nature let corrupt  
And wyll the soule peruart,  
From Gods obedyence,  
Infidelitas.

Spare non abhominacyon,  
Nor detestable fashyon,  
That manys ymagynacyon,  
By wyte maye comprehende,  
To quyen our spertes amonge,  
Synge now some myrry songe,  
But lete it not be longe,  
Least we so much offende.

Post canticum, Infidelitas alia uoce di-  
cet. Oremus.

**O**mnipotens sempiterne Deus, qui ad imaginem  
& similitudinem nostram formasti laicos, da  
quasi sumus, ut sicut eorum sudoribus uiuimus,  
ita eorum uxoribus, filiabus & domesticis per-  
petuo frui mereamur. Per dominum nostrum Papam.  
Infidelitas.

Now are these whosone forth,  
It wyll be somwhat worth,  
To se how they wyll worke,  
The one to poyson the hart,  
The other the ourwardepart,  
In genyously wyll lurke.

The lawe of nature they wyll,  
Infect, corrupt and spyll.

With

Nature & corrupt

With their abhominacyon.  
Idolatry with wyckednesse,  
And Sodomy with fylthyneffe,  
To hye most utter dampnacyon.

These two wyll hym so vse,  
If one in their abuse,  
And wrappe hym in such euyll,  
That by their wycked cast,  
He shall be at the last  
A morsell for the deuyll.

Now vnderneath her wynges,  
Idolatry hath fynynges,  
With their nobylite.  
Both dukes, lordes, knyghtes and earles,  
Fayre ladies with their pearles,  
And the whole commenalte.

Within the bownes of Sodomye,  
Both dwell the spirytuall clergie,  
Pope, Cardinall and pryst.  
Monke, Chanon, Monke and fryre,  
With so many els as do desyre,  
To reigne vnder Antichrist.

Detestyng matrymony,  
They lyue abhominablye,

And



Actus secundus

And burne in carnall lust.  
Shall I tell ye farther newes?  
At Rome for prelates are stewes,  
Of both syndes. Thys is lust.

The lawe of Nature I thynke,  
Wyll not be able to wynke,  
Agaynst the assautes of them.  
They haunge so hygh prelates,  
And so manye great estates,  
From hens to Hierusalem.

Pause now a lyttle whyle,  
Myne cares doth me begyle,  
If I heare not a sonnde.  
Open folke hath sped I gesse,  
It is so by the Messe,  
Awayne now wyll I rounde.  
Naturæ lex.

Erie.

I thynke ye maruele, to se such alteracyon,  
In thys tyme in me, whom God left here so pure.  
Of me it cometh not, but of mannys operacyon,  
Whome dayly the deuyl, to great synne doth allure,  
And hys nature is, full bryttle and vnshure.  
By hym haue I gotte thys foule dyscase of bodye,  
And as yest here, am now throwne in a leprye.

I wrought in hys hart, as God bad earnestlye,

**Actus secundus.**

Hym oft prometyng, to loue God ouer all,  
With the inner powers, But that false Idolatrye,  
Hath hym peruerced, by slaughter dyabolycall.  
And so hath Sodomye, through hys abuses carnall.  
That he is now lost, offendynge without measure,  
And I corrupted, to my most hygh dyspleasure.

I abhoire to tell, the abusyons bestyall,  
That they daylye vse, whych boast their chastytie  
Some at the aulter, to incontynency fall,  
In confessyen some, full beastly occupied be.  
Amonger the close nonnes, reigneth this enormyte,  
Such chyldren slee they, as they chaunce for to haue,  
And in their prynces, proude them of their grane.

ye Christen rulers, sayow for this a waye,  
Be not illuded, by false hypocresye.  
By the stroke of God, the worlde wyll els decaye  
Permyt prestes rather, Gods lawfull remedye  
Than they shuld incurre, most bestyall Sodomye.  
Regarde not the pope, nor yet hys whoysse kyngedome  
for he is the master, of Sennoe and of Sodome.

With this I haue I bene, whych hath me thus deuoyd  
With Idolatrye, and uncleane Sodomye. (syled)  
And woe hye I am, from God to be cryled,  
Pytyme yet lorde, of thy most bounteous mercye.  
I wyll fourth & mourne, tyll thou sende remedye  
Promyse hast thou made, to a gloriouse lyberte,  
To brynge heauē & earth, the wyls thou (I trust) re-  
store me.

Incipit Actus tertius.

Moschler.

**B**efore perceyvinge, hye first lawe thine corrupted,

**W**ith uncleane vyces, sent me hye lawe of Moses,

To se hym for synne, substancyallye corrected,

And brought in agayne, to a trade of godlynes,

For I am a lawe, of rygour and of hardenes,

I straghtly commaunde, and if it be not done,

I threaten, I curse, and slee in my anger sone,

To God I requyre, a perfyght obedyence,

Condempyninge all soch, as do it not in effect,

I shewe what synne is, I hurde soe many a conscience

To hym am I death, when hye lyfe is infect,

Yet if he take hede, to Christ I hym direct,

Forgiveness to have, with lycht, helth & saluacyon,

Least he shuld dyspayre, & fall into dampnacyon.

Infidelitas.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

I paste me quoth I, I knowe not the tyme nor when,

I ded laugh so moch, sene I was an honest man.

Belene me and ye wyl, I neuer sawe soch a spot,

I wolde ye had bene there, that ye myght have made  
the fent.

Moschler.

Where woldest thou had me tell me good brother

why.

C 11

ind,



Violenter corrupta:

Infidelitas.

At the Mynoraſſe ſer, late yeſter nyght at complyne.

Mofeh lex.

At the Mynoraſſe: Why, what was there a do?

Infidelitas.

For ſoeh an other, wolde I to Senthampton go.

In dede yeſter daye, it was their dedycacyon.

And thydre in Gods name, came I to ſe the faſhyon.

An olde fyre ſtode forth, with ſpectacles on hys noſe

Begynnyng thys Anteme, a my ſayth I do not gloſe

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Lapides precioſi.

Mofeh lex.

And what ded ſolowe of thys?

Infidelitas.

I ſhall tell ye ſer by Gods blys.

Then came Dame Iſbell, an olde wone & a calme,  
Crowinge lyke a capon, and thus began the Pſalme.

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Sape expugnauerunt me a iuennute mea.

Mofeh lex.

And what includeth thys myſtery?

Infidelitas.

Actus Tertius.

Infidelitas.

A symple probleme of byrtherye.

Whan the fyre begone, Afore the Flame,

To synge of precyouse stones.

From my yowth saye I he, They haue confort me,

As it had bene for the nones.

Moschler.

I assure the playne, I see not by soch gaudes,

Thy vsage shewe the, to be brought vp amöge bandes

Infidelitas.

It was a good world, whā we had soch wholsö storyes  
Preached in our churche, on sondayes & other feryes,

With vs was it merye,

Whan we went to Beerye.

And to our lady of grace,

To the bloude of hayles,

Whereno good there fayles,

And other holye place.

Whan the prestes myght walke,

And with yonge wyues talke.

Than had we chyldren plentye.

Than cuckoldes myght leape,

A score on a heape,

Now is there not one to twentye.

Whan the Monkes were fatte,

And ranke as a ratte.

With bellyes lyke a Boie.

Mofch lex corruptus

Then all thynges were here,  
Both befe, breade and bere,  
Now grudge the iourers see.

When Byfshoppes myght burne,  
And from the truth turne,

The fyllye fymple foule,  
Than durst no man create,  
Open mouth he nor fpeake,  
Of Chrift nor yet of Powle.

Now are the Inquiesbolde,  
With Scriptures to holde,  
And teache them euery where.

The carter, the fowter,  
The bodger, the clowter,

That all wyll awaye I fere;

As fo so they pulle,  
Our lypynge are dulle,

We are now lyke to fall.

If we do not fyght,

For the churches ryght,

By the Mefse we fhall lofe all.

But I praye ye fer, tell me what is your name?

Mofch lex.

The lawe of Mofes, to ye I were to blame.

In fidelitas.



Adversus  
Infidelitas.

In these same parties, what do ye now intende?  
Moseh lex.

Mankynde to reforme, that he his lyfe amende.  
I shewe what synne is, & what thyng pleaseth god.  
I comfort the iust, and the yll I ponnysch with rod.  
The comen people, have thought it commodious.  
Dyuerse Goddes to haue, with rytes superfluous.

My commaundement is, to seke one God alone.  
And in all their nedes, to hym to make their mone.  
Amonge the Gentyles, was it thought no iniurie,  
If a man wer hurt, to see his aduersarye.  
Thys thyng I forbyd, and saye, thus shalt thou not kill.  
Lawe is the reuenger, the man maye do no yll.

Some persones there are, that inordinate love.  
Those are perswaded, all thynges to behoue.  
Whych I inhybyte, saynge continuallye,  
Thou shalt do no thys, nor yet commyt aduouerye.  
Thou shalt do no theft, nor couete that is not thine.  
Agaynst thyn eyber, shalt thou not falsely dysfynne.

Infidelitas.

We maye do no thyng, if we be pynned in thus.  
Nether yet to God, to that hardetrate shall bynde  
ge vs.

We must haue one God, & worshipp hym alone.  
Alas that in dede, wolde make a Turke to gone.

Mofeh lex corruptus.

If we be ftryken, we maye not ftryke agayne?  
A proper bargayne, and dyscretelye vttered playne.  
For cumpanyes sake, ye faye we maye not loue.  
I defye your wofte, and to yow there is my gloue.

Mofeh lex.

What, thu wilt not fyght: thy wyttes are better thā  
Infidelitas. (fo

In the quarell of loue, I shall proue ye ere I go,  
By the Mefse I thynke, to put ye to your fence.

Mofeh lex.

Thu were much better, to kepe thy payence.

Infidelitas.

Vlaxe by cockes fowle frynd, I must lay ye on the coote.  
In lones caufe to fyght, ye maye fone haue me a floate.  
Vlaxe, haue at your pylche, defende ye if ye maye.

Mofeh lex.

Such a fole art thu, as fele thyne owne decaye:  
If I ones muddle, to the it wyll be deathe.  
Oedyst thu neuer hear, that lame fleath i hya wreath

Infidelitas.

By the blyffed lorde, than wyll I playe Robfons part.

Mofeh lex.

Whye, what part wilt thu playe?

Infidelitas.

By cockes fowle gens ouer, fo fone as I fele smart.

Mofeh lex.

It wyll be to late, if I ones cupple with the.

Infidelitas.

Then

Againe sayeth.

Then let me alone, and we shall sone agree,  
And I shall be glad, to be acquainted with ye.

Moseh lex.

Acquayntaunce good fella we, thou mayst sone haue of  
Infidelitas, (me.

The worst fault I haue, I am hastye now and then,  
But it is sone gone, I toke it of a woman.

But what meane those tables, that ye haue in your  
Moseh lex. (hande?

Bepe sylence a while, and thou shalt vnderstande.

Thre thynges I declare, the first are the preceptes  
morall.

Next, the lawes iudycial, & last the ryres ceremonyal

The morall preceptes, are Gods commaundemētes ten,

Whych ought euermore, to be obserued of all men.

The lawes of Nature, the morall preceptes declare,

And y<sup>e</sup> plesant woikes, to God they teache & prepare

They sturre man to sayth, & prouoke hym also to loue

To obeye, to serue, and to woishypp God above.

In two stony tables, God wrote them first of all,

That they shuld remayne, as thynges contynuall.

The first hath but thre, whych tēde to Gods hygh ho-  
nour,

Seuē hath the secēde, & they concerne our neybour.

The first doth expounde, the first lawe naturall.

The next the other, makynge them very formall.

In spere is the first, y<sup>e</sup> we shuld God honour & loue

To outward woikynge, the secēde doth vs mone.

Forbyddynges



Mofeh lex corrupter.

For byddyng all wronges, preferuynge lust marriage,  
Nouryfhynge true peace, and other godly vſage.

Infidelitas.

What is the effect, of your lawes Judycyalls

Mofeh lex.

Both thynges to commaunde, as are cunyle or tēporall.

From vyce to refrayne, and outwarde iniurye,

Quyet to conſerue, and publyque honeſtie.

Theſe are to ſupport, the lawes of the ſeconde table.

Ceremonyall rites are alſo commendable,

In holy dayes, garmētes, temples & conſecracyons,

Sacrifyces & vowes, with offerynges & expiacyōs

Whych are vnto Chriſt, as ſygura, types & ſhadowes

As Paule doth declare, in hys yſtle to the Hebrues.

Theſe are only ſygures, & outwarde teſtymonyes,

No man is perſyghte, by ſoch darke ceremonies.

Only pertyne they, vnto the thirde commaundement,

Of the Sabbath daye, tyll Chriſt the lorde be preſent.

In hys death endyng, the whole Judaycal preſthodes

Infidelitas.

Good daye & myghte ye haue, ye ſpeake it full wel by  
the rode.

I am a poore lad, & by my trouth bent ernestlye,

To ſerue you, and to be your very lackye.

Mofeh lex.

What

Actus Tertius

What art thou called, I praye the hartelye.

Infidelitas.

Gravefryre am I now, by the Masse I can not flatter.  
I am Infydelityte, to tell the truth of the matter.

Molch lex.

And hast thou so longe, dyssembled thyself with me,  
Yea, for advantage, to smell out your subtylyte.

Infidelitas.

Molch lex.

Quoyde hens I saye, thou false Infydelityte.

Infidelitas.

Naye that I will not, by yngham Trynyte.

Molch lex.

Wylt thou not in dede, that wyl I set hyther the poure  
Of iudges & kynges, to subdue the with thyne poure.

Infidelitas.

Exn.

Each knyghtes wyl I haue, as shall cōfounder hi all  
As Sadducees & scribes, with the sect pharysees  
By helpe of my chyldren Idolatry and Sodomye.  
The lawe of Nature, I kest once in a lepe.

I haue yett two more, Ambycy and Couetousnes,  
Whych wyl do as much, to the lawe of Moyses.

Where are my whoresons, that they comenot awaye.

Auaritia.

Iurisconsultus.

Yea, whoreson on thy face, euen in thy best aray.

I wyl thou knowe it, I am a wofull Doctor.

I scribe in the lawe, and a profytable preacher.

Infidelitas.

Off

Maschick corrupte  
Goppewith a vengeance, how comest thou so aloft  
Avaritia.

I shall tell the man, if thou wilt comen more soft,  
By fayned flatterye, and by coloured adulation.  
Ambycyon here also, rose out of a lyte foundacyon.  
Infidelitas.

Come, axe me blessinge, lyfe prary boyes apace.  
Ambitio.

I wyll not bowe sure, to such a folysh face.  
Infidelitas.

Axe blessinge I saye, and make me nomore a do.  
Ambitio.

Unsemely were it, we prelates shuld do so.  
Avaritia.

For no compulsyon, wyll I do it by swete Marye.  
Infidelitas.

I must fatche ye in, there is no remedye.

A naughty whoreson, have I brought ye up hyther to.  
And knowe not your father? ye shal drynke bothe here I  
Ambo simul.

Nomore at this tyme, forsoth we crye a mercye.  
Infidelitas.

Downe on your knees ha, & axe me blessing shortly.  
Ambo simul.

Blesse me gentyll father, for swete saynt Marye.  
Infidelitas.

ryse on bry knaves, God lette ye never to thee.  
though amage our selues; we murmur, bragge &  
face,

Sometime



**Absurditie.**

Somtyme for lucre, somtyme for the hygher place,  
Yet for aduantage, in this we all agre,  
To blynde therulers, and deceyue the commynalte.

**Auaritia.**

Art aduysed of that, by the lesse we are in dede,  
Yet of our tnaucryes, the folcswyll neuer safe hede.

To labour with a spade,  
Our colour wolde it fade,  
We maye not with that trade,

We loue somuch our ease,  
We must lyue by their sweate,  
And haue good drynke and meate,  
When they haue not to eate,  
The substance of a pease.

We leade them in the darke,  
And so their consoyence marke,  
That sturdy they are and starke,  
In enery wycked enyll.

We teache ydolatrie,  
And laugh full merelye,  
To so ych cumpayne,  
Ronne headlondesto the deuyll.

If we maye haue the tythynges,  
And profytable offerynges,  
We care not to what doynges,

**They**

**Mole let corrupce**

**They customablye fall.**

**We are soch mercenaryes**

**And subtyle proprietaryes,**

**As from the flock all carryes,**

**The wolle, synne, flesh and all.**

**In our perambulacyons,**

**We loke for commendacyons,**

**And lowlye salutations,**

**In temple, howse and strete.**

**Our lowfye laryne howres,**

**In howres and in howres,**

**The poore people denoures,**

**And treade them vndre fete.**

**Ambitio.**

**I am Ambycyon, whose dysposycyon,**

**I honour to appete,**

**I gape for empyre, And worshippe desire,**

**As Minos ded in Crete,**

**I lofe vp Aloft, and loue to lye soft,**

**Nor carynge for my flocke.**

**Hane I ones the flese, with pygges, lambes & geese**

**They maye go turne a socke.**

**Lucifer I made, So hyghly to wade,**

**To God he wolde be equall,**

**Of Adam & Eue, I slewe the beloue,**

**And caused them to fall.**

**Whas**

Actus tertius.

What nede I rehearce. The gyauntes most fearce,  
With the buylders of Babell.

Nimrod the tyraunt, with them there applyaunt,  
Agreed to my counsell.

From me wolde not go, Cruell Pharao,  
Nomore wolde Amalech,  
Saul, Achitophel, Absolon, Jesabel,  
Nor Adonisedech.

I made Roboam, And Hieroboam,  
With Nabuchedonosor.  
Triphon, Albinus, and Simon magus,  
To abuse them euermor.

In pryde I excede, And no people fede,  
But with lyes for aduantage.  
As Mantuane tell, To leade men to hell,  
Is my most common vsage.

Byght thynges I attempt, And wyll me exempt,  
From prynces turydycyon.

I am soch an enyll, As brynge to the deuyll,  
Withour anye contradyccyon.

Infidelitas.

Here is a prelate, euen for myne owne touth,  
Such an other is, not in the whole south.

Cleppethu somewhat more, as thou hast begonne.



Moseh lex. corrupta,  
I lyfe wele your talkyng, by the holy Munne,  
Auaritia.

I Couetyse am, The deuyll or hys dam,  
for I am insacyate.

I rauyshe and plucke, I drawe and I sucke,  
After a weluyshe rate.

Father nor mother, Sister nor brother,  
I spare not in my moode.

I feare neyther God, nor hys ryghtfull rod,  
In gatherynge of goode.

Both howse and medowre, from the poor wydowe,  
I spare not for to take.

Ryght beyres I rob, And as bare as Job  
The fatherles I make.

With me toke Nadab, Nabal and Achab,  
With all the clergye of Bell.

Judas and Giesi, with the sones of heli,  
And the sonnes of Samuel.

Jannes and Jambres, Also Siotrephes,  
Wrought wylfull wyckednesse.

So ded Menelaus, with false Andronicus,  
And all for Couetousnesse.

Ambitio.

With vyces seuen, I close vp heauen,

And.

Actus tertius.

And speare vp paradyce.  
I open hell, By my counsell,  
Maynteynyng every vyce.

Auaritia,  
For syluer and golde, with falsched I holde,  
Supportynge every euyl,  
I haue it mawe, for to choke the lawe,  
And brynge all to the deuyll.

Infidelitas,  
By the blessed trynyte, No men more fyr for me,  
To do my busynes.

Ambycyon to begyle, And Quaryce to defyle,  
The lawe of Moyses.

Tell me first of all, what wylt thou do Ambycyon.  
Ambitio.

I am thine owne chylde, thou knowest my dysposycyon,  
I wyll sure do, as ded the Phyllystynes.

Infidelitas,  
Why, what ded those knaues?  
Ambitio,

They stopped vp Abrahams pyttes, as Genesis diffines  
With mudde & with myre, & left them full vnclene  
Infidelitas.

By that same practyse, tell me what thou dost meane.  
Ambitio,

With fylthy gloses, and dyrtty exposycyons,  
Of Gods lawe wyll I hyde, the pure dysposycyons,  
The keye of knowledge, I wyll also take awaye,

Moseh lex corrupta.

By wastynge the text, to the scriptures sore decaye.

Infidelitas.

And what wylt thou do, my fellowe Couetousnes?

Auaritia.

A vayne wyl I spiede, vpon the face of Moses,  
That nō shal perceyne, the clerkes of hys cōtenaūce.  
Whych is of the lawe, the meanyng & true ordynaūce

Infidelitas.

Why, what wyll ye saye, vnto y<sup>e</sup> ten cōmaundemētes?

Ambitio.

We must poyson them, with wyl workes & good in-  
tentes.

Whereas God doth saye, No straunge goddes thou  
shalt haue,

With Sayntes worshyppynge, that clause we wyll  
depraue.

And though he cōmaunde, to make no carued ymage,  
for a good intent yet wyll we haue pylgrymage.

Though he wyll vs not, to take hys name in vayne,  
With tradycyons yet, therunto wyll we constrayne.

No Sabbath wyl we, with Gods worde sanctysse,  
But with lyppe labour, and ydle ceremonie.

To father and mother, we maye owe non obedyence,  
Our relygion is, of so great excellence.

Though we do not slee, yet maye we heretykes burne,  
If they wyll not sone, from holy scripture turne.

What thought it be sayd, Thou shalt do no fornicacye,  
yet



### Actus Tertius.

Yet wyll we mayntene, moch greater abhomynacyon  
Though theft be forbyd, yet wyll we continuallye,  
Kobbe the poore people, through prayer & purgatorie  
God hath inhybited, to geue false testymonye,  
Yet we wyll condempne, the Gospell for heresye.

We shuld not couete, our neybers howsene nor wyfe,  
Hys sernaunt nor beast, yet are we therin most ryfe.  
Of me make we swyne, by the draffe of our tradycyōs  
And cause the nothyng, to regard but superstycyōs.  
As dog yes vnreasonable, on most vyle carren fede,  
So wyll we cause them, seke ydelles in their nede.

And alwayes their groude, shall be, for a good intet.

#### Infideltas:

More myscheues I trowe, the deuyll coulde not inuēt  
Than yow two can do by the Masse ye are alone,  
Lyttle coulde I do, were ye ones from me gone,  
To the corruptyng, of the lawe of Moyses,  
Go forwardetherfor, in your deceytfulnes.

#### Auaritia.

With superstycyons, the Jewes ceremonyall lawes,  
I wyll so handle, they shall not be worth ij. strawes.  
The lawes Judycyall, through cawtels and delays,  
I wyll also drowne, so all ryghteous mēys decays  
To set this forward, we must haue sophystrye,  
Phylosophye and Logyck, as scyence necessarye.  
The byshoppes must helde, their prestes in ignorance

Moseh lex corrupta,  
With longe latyne houres, least knowledg to them  
chaunce.

Lete them haue lögemattens, löge eueſonges & löge  
Masses.

And that wyll make them, as dall as euer were asses.  
That they shall neuer, be ab'e to prophecye,  
O: yet preach the truth, to our great iniurye.

Lete the cloysterers, be brought vp euer in sylence,  
Without the scriptures, in payne of dysobedyce.  
Se the laye people, praye neuer but in latyne,  
Lete them haue their Crede, and seruyce all in latyne  
That, a latyne beleue, maye make a latyne soule,  
Lete them nothyng knowe, of Christ nor yet of powle

If they haue Englysh, lete it be for aduaūtage,  
For pardons, for Syrges, for offerynges and pylgry-  
mage.

I recken to make them, a newe Crede in a whyle,  
And all in Englysh, their conscyēce to begyle.

Infidelitas,

Rehearse vnto me, the Artycles of that Crede.

Auaritia,

The artycles are these, geue care and take good hede  
first they shall beleue, in our holy father Pope,  
Next in hys decrees, and holy decretals.

Then in holy church, with sencer, crosse and cope,  
In the Ceremonies, and blessed Sacramētals.

In.

Actus tertius,

In purgatory then, in pardons and in trentals,  
In praynge to sayntes, and in saynt frāces whoode,  
In our lady of Grace, and in the blessed roode.  
They shall beleue also, in rellycres and relygyon,  
In our ladyes psalter, in fre wyll and good wurkes,  
In the ember dayes, and in the popes remyssyon,  
In bedes and in belles, not vsed of the turkes.  
In the golden Masses, agaynst sedch spreces and slurkes  
With charmes and blessinges. Thys crede wyll bryn-  
ge in moneye.

In Englysh therfor, we wyl it clarkely cōueye.

Infidelitas,

Yea, and burne the knaues, that wyll not beleue that,  
crede.

That into the dytche, the blynde the blynde may orde  
Ambicio,

Then I holde it best, that we alwayes condempne,  
The Byble readers, least they our actes contempne.

Infidelitas,

Yea, neuer spare them, but euer more playe the bytar,  
Expressyng alwayes, the tropes and types of thymy-  
tar.

Ambicio,

Why, what dost thou thynke, my mytar to sygnify?  
Infidelitas,

The mouth of a wolfe, and that shall I proue by & by.  
If thou stoupe downewarde loo, se hom the wolfe doth  
gape.

Redya



Moseh lex corrupta.

Redye to deuoure, the lambes, least any escape.  
But thy woluyshnesse, by thre crownes wyll I hyde,  
Makynge the a pope, & a capayne of all pryde.  
That whan thou doest slee, soch as thy lawes contēpne  
Thou mayst saye, Not I, but the powers ded them con-  
dempne.

These Labels betoken the lawes of senen & can non  
Ambitio.

I trowe thou woldest saye, the ij. lawes Cruyle & Cas  
Infidelitas. (non.

As I spake I thought, & styll I thynke by saynt Johan  
Yea, persecute styll the iustructers of the people.

And thou Couctousnesse, let no bell ryng i steple,  
With out a profyght. Tush, take moneye euery whear  
Sonygh clyppe and shaue, that thou leaue neuer a  
Auaritia. (heare

I caused the pope, to take but now of late,  
Of the Graye fryres, to haue canonyzate,  
Franciscus de pola, thre thousand ducates and more,  
And asenoch besydes he had not longe afore,  
For a Cardynall hatte, of the same holy order,  
Thus drawe we to vs, great goodes frō euery border.  
Pope Clement the seuēth payed ones for his papacye  
Thre hundred thousand, good ducates of laweful monye  
Infidelitas.

I marnele how he, coulde come to so moch good.  
Auaritia.

Yes, yes, by pollage, and by shedynge Christen blood.  
Crofers

Actustertius.

Crofers and mytars, in Rome are good merchandyce  
And all to lyttle, to maynteyne their pompe and vyce.

Ambitio.

The pope for whoredom, hath in Rome and Viterbye  
Of golde and syluer, a wonderfull substaunce yearlye  
Tush they be in Englande, that moch rather wolde  
to dwell,

Whores in their dyocesess, than the readers of Ebuis  
stes Gospell.

Infidelitas.

They do the better, for by the they maye haue profyghe  
As for the other, do trouble them daye and nyght,  
Well, now steppe forwarde, and go do your busynes,  
To the corruprynge, of the lawe of Moyses.

Auaritia.

Doubt not but we shall, make hym a crepple blynde.

Infidelitas.

Synge then at our farwel, to recreate our mynde.

Finita cantuncula exeunt ambo.

Infidelitas.

Now am I left alone, And these .ii. merchautes gone,  
Their myscheces to conclude.

I thynke within a whyle, They wyll trappe & begyle  
The worthy lawe of Jude.

Amb; cyon first of all, With hys rytes bestiall,  
wyll make the people swyne.

In draffe wyll he the lede, And with tradycyōs fede  
D v Where

Moseh lex. corrupta;  
Where they shall suppe or dyne:

Couetousnes wyll warke, That many one shall barke,  
Lyfe dozges agaynst the truth.  
Some shall Godes worde defyle, & some wyll it reuyle  
Such beastlynesse enfurth.

Ambycyon hath thys houre All the whole spirytual,  
poure  
And maye do what hym lust.

Now couetousnesse doth rule, And hath both horse &  
mule.

All matters by hym dyscuss.

Now byshoprykes are solde, & the holy ghost for gold  
The pope doth bye and sell.

The truth maye not be tolde, vndre paynes manyfolds  
With sendynges downe to hell.

The people prestes do famyshe, And their goodes fro  
them rauyshe.

Yea, and all the worlde they blynde.

All prynces do they mock, And robbe the syllye flocke  
Clothyng they leaue behynde.

On the face of Moyses, A vayle they haue cast downe  
ghyllis.

The lyght of the lawe to hyde.

Least Mē to Christ shuld cōme, fro ceremonies dōme  
As to their heauenly gyde.

The lawe can neuer be, at anye lyberte:

Where.



Actus tertius,

Where soch two enemyes raigne,  
Now is it tyme to walke, of thys more wyll I talke;  
whan I come hyther agayne.

Moseh lex.

Exit.

If pytie maye mone, your gentyll christen hartes,  
Lete it now sturre ye, to mourne thys heanye chafice.  
Two enemyes with me, haue played most wycked par  
tes.

And left me starke blynde, God knoweth to my soe  
grenaunce,

And I thynke also, to your more hynderaunce:  
To leade yow to Christ somtyme, a gyde I was.  
Now am I so blynde, I can not do it, Alas.

Most rygorouslye, those enemyes now of late.  
Ded fall vpon me, and spoyle me of my syght.  
One was Ambycyon, whych euer ought me hate,  
And Couerousnesse the other enemye hyght.  
Now forsoth and God, in their most cruell spyght,  
The one made me blynde, the other made me lame,  
And whā they had done, ther at they had great game

Thus a blynde crypple, I wander here alone,  
Abydynge the tyme, and grace of restauracyon,  
By the sonne of God To whom I make my mone,  
My cause to pytie, and graunt me supportacyon,  
Least I be left here, to vtter desolacyon,  
And extreme decaye, without any remedye,

Moseh lex corrupta.

If he ded not helpe, of goodnesse and of mercye,

ye christen prynces, God hath geuen you the poure,  
With scepture and swerde, all vyces to correct.  
Let not Ambycyon, nor Couetousnesse deuoure,  
your faythfull subiectes, nor your offycers infect.  
Haue to your clergie, a dylygent respect  
And se they do not corrupt the lawes of God,  
For i hat doth requyre, a terryble heauye rod.

God gaue me to man, and left me i tables of stone,  
That I of hardenesse, a lawe shuld specyshe,  
But the pharysees, corrupted me anone,  
And toke frome cleane, the quyuernesse of bodye,  
With clerenesse of syght, & other pleasures manye.  
Now wyll I to Christ, that he maye me restore,  
To more perfecyon, than euer I had afore.

Finis Actus tertius.

Incipit Actus quartus.  
Euangelium.



Unfaythfulnesse hath corrupted euery  
Lawe,  
To the gret decaye, of Adams poster  
ryte.

Were it nott for me, whych now do/  
hyther drawe,

All flesh wolde peryshe, no man shuld saved be.

I am



Actus quartus,

I am Christes Gospell, and infallyble veryte,  
Such a power of God, as saueh all that beleue,  
No burden nor yoke, that any man wyll greue.

In the bleude of Christ, I am a full forgyuenesse,  
Where fayth is grounded, with a sure confydence.  
I am such a grace, and so hygh tydynges of gladnesse,  
As rayse the synner, and pacyfye hys consyence.  
I am sperte and lyfe, I am necessarye scyence.  
I requyre but loue, for mānys inuysfycatyon,  
With a fayth in Christ, for hys helth and saluacyon,  
Infidelitas.

Gods beneson haue ye, it is ioye of your lyfe,  
I haue hearde of ye, and of my mastres your wyfe,  
Euangeliū,

If thou heardest of me, it was by the voyce of God.  
Infidelitas

Maye, he that spake of ye, was sellynge of a Cod.  
In an oyster bore, a lytle beyonde quene hythe,  
A northen man was he, & besought ye to, be blythe,  
Euangeliū,

If he spake of me, he was some godly preacher,  
Infidelitas.

Maye ser by the roode, nor yet a wholsom teacher,  
Euangeliū,

After what maner, ded he spake of me: tell.  
Infidelitas.

He swore lyke a man, by all cōtentres of the Gospell  
Be



Moseh lex. corrupta,

He swore and better swore, yea, he ded sweare & swears  
are a gayne.

Euangeliiũ,

That speakynge is soch, as procureth eternall payne.  
Wyll not the people, leaue that most wycked folyez  
And it so dampnable: To heare it. I am sorye.  
But what dedyst thou meane, whā thou spakest of my  
wyse?

Infidelitas,

Nothyng, but I thought, it was ioye of your lyfe,  
That ye were so good, to your neybers as ye are.

Euangeliiũ,

Why, how good am I: thy fantasie declare.

Infidelitas,

We ease them amonge, if it be as I heare,  
Whan ye are a bioade, there is synne myrry cheare.

Euangeliiũ,

As thou art, thou speakest, after they hartes abundaunce  
For as the man is, soch is hys viterauce.

My wyse is the church, or christen congregacyon,  
Regenerate in sprete, doynge no vyle operacyon,  
Both cleane and holy, without eyther spott or wryncke  
The lambe with hys bloude, ded her wash & bespryn  
cle,

This is not the church, of dysgyssed hypocrytes  
Of apysch shauelynges, or papystycall sodemytes.  
Nor yet as they call it, a temple of lyme and stone.  
But, a luyssh buyldynge, groupded in fayth alone.

On

Actus quartus;

On the harde rocke Christ, whych is the sure founda-  
cyon.

And of this church some, do reigne in every nacyon,  
And in all cōtrayes, though their nombre be but small  
Infidelitas,

Their number is soch, as hath rōne over all  
The same Danes are they, men prophecy of playne,  
Whych shuld ever rēne, this realme yet ones agayne.  
Euangelii,

What Danes speakest thou of: thy meanynge shewe  
Infidelitas, (more clerlye:  
Dane Johan, Dane Robert, Dane Thomas, and Sa-  
ne harrye.

These same are those Danes, that laye with other  
mēnys wyues.  
And occupied their lādes, to the detrymēt of their ly-  
ues.

These a. e. accounted, a great part of the church,  
for in Gods seruyce, they honourablye worche,  
Kelynge and cryenge, tyll their throtes are full sores  
Euangelii

That church was descrybed, of Esaye longe afore.  
This people (sayth God) with ther lypes honour me  
In vayne worshyp they teachynge mēnys satuyte.  
Apparaunt is that church, and open to the eyes,  
Their worshyppynge are, in outwarde ceremonies.  
That cōterfet church stādeth al by mēnys tradycyons  
Without the scriptures, and without the hartes of a-  
fēcçyons.



Christi lex corrupta

My church is secrete, and euermore wyll be,  
Adorynge i he father, in sprete, and in veryte.  
By the worde of God, thys Church is ruled onely,  
And doth not consist, in outward ceremonye.  
Thys congregacyon, is the true Church mylitaunt  
Those cōterfet desardes, are the very Church ma-  
lygnaunt.

To whom Christ wyll saye, I knowe nō of your sort.  
Infidelitas.

Now are they to blame, that ther bretherne so report  
Euangeliiū,

Soch are nobretherne, but enemyes to Christes blode.  
As put saluacyon, in shauen crowne, mytar, or whode.  
Infidelitas.

I praye ye how lōge, haue your swete spouse cōtynued  
Euangeliiū

Sens the begynnynge, and now is in Christ renued.  
Adam had promyse, of Christes incarnacyon,  
So had Abraham, with hys whole generacyon.  
Whych was vnto them, a preachynge of the Gospell,  
Into saluacyon, and delyueraunce from hell.

Infidelitas

By thys tyme I hope, ye haue a fayre increase?  
Euangeliiū

She is not barren, but beareth and neuer cease.  
The Corinthians first epystle, hath thys clere testymony  
In Christo Jesu, per Euangelium vos genui.  
I haue begote yow, in Jesu Christ sayth porele,

By the



Actus quartus

By the Gospel preachynge, to the cōfort of yur soules  
Infidelitas.

Than are ye a cuckolde, by the blessed holy masse,  
As I sayd afore, so cometh it now to passe.

For I am a prophete, by hygh inspiracyon led.  
Now lyke I my self, moch better than I ded.

Ye sayt that saynt paule, begate your wyfe with chyla  
Euangeliū de

By mysuiderstādyng, thou art vngraciously begylde  
An only mynyster, was paule in that same doynge,  
That he therin ded, was by the Gospell preachynge.  
Hys mynde is the Gospell to haue done yt operacyon  
And thys must thou holde, for no carnall generacyon  
Infidelitas.

Marry so they saye, ye fellowes of the newe lerynge,  
Forsake holy church, and now fall fast to wyuynge,  
Euangeliū,

Kaye, they forsake whoredome, with other dāpnable  
vsage.

And lync with their wyues, in lawfull maryage,  
whyle the popes oyled swarme, raigne styll in their.  
Infidelitas. olde buggerage

yea, poore marryed men, haue very moch a do,  
I couite hym wysest, that can take a snarche and to goe.  
Euangeliū,

Thou semest one of them, that detesteth matrymonye,  
Whych is afore God, a state both iust and holyc.  
Of sod as thou art, saynt paule ded prophecye,

Christi lex corrupta.

By the holy Ghost, that a serren cūpanye,  
In the latter dayes from the truth of God shuld fall  
Attendynge to spreies, of errour dyabolycall.

Whych in hypocrisy, wyll teache lyes for aduantage,  
With marked consciences, inbytyng marriage.  
Thy aperest by thy frutes to be Infydelyte.

Infidelitas,

I am non other, but euen the very he,  
And hyther now come I, to cōmen the matter with ye  
Euangeliū,

Auoide cursed synde, and get the out at the gates.

Infidelitas,

Maye first wyll I serue ye, as I lately serued your ma  
And heere wyll I not, for thys place is for me? 160  
Who shuld here remayne, but Infydelyte?

Euangeliū,

Well, than for a tyme, I must depart from hens,  
But thys first wyll I saye, before thys andyens.  
Easyer wyll it be, concernynge pōnyshment,  
To Sodōm and Gomor, in the daye of iudgement,  
Than to those cyties, that resyst the veryte,  
At the suggestyons, of Infydelyte.

That people wyll be, for euer and euer lost,  
For it is the great synne, agaynst the holy Ghost.  
In the olde lawe first, the father hys mynde exprest,  
Than came hys sōne Christ, & made it more manifest.  
And now the holy Ghost, is come to close vp all,



Actus quartus

If he be not heard, extreme dāpnacyon wyll fall.  
No prayer remaineth, nor expyacyen for synne,  
To them that no profyght, of the worde of God wyll  
wynne.

Take good hede therfor, & saye that ye haue warnyng  
Infidelitas, Exit.

God sende your mother, of yow to haue a fondelynge.

By the masse I thynke, he is wele out of the waye,  
Now wyll I contriue, the dryft of an other playe.

I must werke soch wayes, Christes lawe maye not con  
rynue,

In a whyle am I lyke, to haue non clas of my retynue,

Companyons I want, to begynne this tragedye,

Namely false doctryne, and hys brother hypocresye.

They wyll not belonge, I suppose now verelye,

By cockes fowle me thynke, I se soch a cumpanye.

Hem I saye chyl dren, wyll not my voyce be hearde?

As good is a becke, as is a dewe vpon garde.

By my honestie welcome, myne owne cōpanyons both.

Pseudodctrina.

Intrant.

Thou shalt sure haue, a lyuery of the same cloth,

Gramercyes by God, my olde frynde Infydelyte.

hypocrisis.

What, brother snyp snap, how go the worde with the?

Infidelitas,

What, fryre flyp flap, how saye ye to, Benedicite?

hypocrisis.

Marry nothynge but well, for I crye now aduantage

¶ ii

Infi



**Christi lex corrupta**

**Infidelitas.**

**At her purse or arse, tell me good fryre succage?**

**Hypocrisis.**

**By the Messe at both, for I am a great penytensar,  
And syt at the pardō, Tush, I am y<sup>e</sup> popes owne vycar  
If thou lackest a pecc, I knowe where thou mayst be  
sped.**

**With coyse of a score, & brought enen to thy bed.**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**Art thou not ashamed, to talke solyke & fnaue?**

**Hypocrisis.**

**No, for it is soch gere, as the holiest of vs wyll haue,  
Pope, Cardynall, byshop, mōke, chanon prest & fryre,  
Not one of ye all, but a woman wyll desyre.**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**Our orders permyt vs not, to haue them in marryage**

**Hypocrisis.**

**No, but ye fatche them in, by an other carryage.  
Ye do euen as we do, we both are of one rate.**

**Infidelitas.**

**By the Messe I laugh, to heare thys whoreson prate**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**What fashyon vse ye, to vs here intymate.**

**Hypocrisis.**

**Ego distinguo, whether ye wyll haue lyons or parys.**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**Of them both to shewe, it wyll not be farre amys.**

**Hypocrisis.**

Actus quartus.

In parys we haue, the mantell of Saynt Iewes,  
Whych women seke moch, for helpe of their barēnes,  
For be it ones layed, vpon a womānys bellye,  
She go thens with chylde, the myracles are seane  
there daylye. +

And besydes all thys, ye wolde maruele iu cōfessyon,  
What our fathers do, to assoyle them of transgressyon

Johan Thessecclius, assoyled a yonge woman ones,  
Behynde the hygh aulter, tyll she cryed out of her  
bones.

And as for Lyons, there is the length of our lorde,  
In a great pyller. She that wyll with a coorde,  
Be fast bounde to it, and take soch chaunce as fall,  
Shall sure haue chylde, for with in it is hollowe all. +

Tush, I coulde tell ye, of moch more wondre thā this,  
In course to heare them, I thynke ye wolde ye blys.  
Pseudodoctrina.

As thu hast begunne, go forwarde in it and tell.  
Infidelitas.

Soch a knave I suppose, is not from hens to hell.  
hypocrisis

In our relygyon, was an holye popysch patryarke,  
Whych of all bawdrye, myght be the great monarke.  
The nōnes to confesse, he went from place to place,  
And two hōdred of them, he broached in that space.  
Many spyces he ate, hys currage to prouoke.

Christilex corrupta,

Such a fellowe was he, as of that gere had the strofe.

Pseudodoctrina.

Now somwhat wyll I tell to cōfirme thy tale withall  
In kynge ferdynāds tyme, in Spayne was a Cardynall  
Petrus mendosa, was the very man that I meane,  
Of lemans he had, great nombre besyde the quene.  
One of hys bastarde, was earle, an other was duke,  
Whom also he abused, and thought it no rebuke.

Joannes Cremona, an other good Cardynall,  
For reformatyon, of the clergie spirituall,  
Came once into Englāde, to dāpne prestes matrymon-  
nye.

And the next nyght after, was takē doynge bytcherye.  
Doctor Eckius also, whych scarcely came to dyspute,  
In lipsia with luther, myndynge there hym to cōfute

For marriage of prestys, thre chyl dren had that yeare,  
By thys maye ye se, that sūtyme we make mery cheare.

Infidelitas,

Marry that ye do, I shall beare ye recorde now.

But how wyll ye answer, for breafynge of your vow?

Pseudodoctrina.

We neuer breake vowe, so longe as we do not marrye,  
Though we in whoredome, be neuer so bolde & busye.

Infidelitas,

By your order than, ye maye walke moch a large.

What hast thou hypocresye? to laye for thy dyscharge.

Saynt



Actus quartus.

Hypocrisis.

Saynt frances habyte, with the holy gyrdle & whode,  
Non can go to helle, that therein dye by the rode,  
In case saynt frances, be sure vpon their syde,  
Els maye they fortune, to be of their purpose wyde,  
For I reade of one, that shuld haue gone to the deuyl  
But the spretes of helle, coulde do to hym non euyl.

Tyll saynt frances came, & toke frō hym his cowle,  
Then went he to helle, the fryres ded heare hym  
howle.

I wyll therfor serue, S. frances with hart & mynde  
With dayly memories, that he maye be my frynde.  
And than I care not, for all the deuyls in hell,  
That I haue tolde you, is more true than the Gospel.

Infidelitas.

Then are ye more sure, thā monkes for your heretage,  
For their landes are here, but ye clayme heauen for  
Pseudodoctrina. (aduauntage.

Yet is it to them a vetyple saunt thyng,  
Their abbot at home, to be called lorde and kyng.

Infidelitas.

Naye, monke and chorde, for here is no kyng but one,  
If he be a kyng, his mace is a mary bone,  
And his crowne a cow torde. Soch knaues as come  
from the cart,

Must be called kynges, for playenge a popysch part,  
Pseudodoctrina.

It becomenot the, the Romysch pope so to lurche.

Christi lex corrupta.

Consyderynge he is, the hyghest of the churche.

Infidelitas.

If he be the hyghest, than is he the wether cocke,

Pseudodoc|ina.
|  |

Ah, now I perceyue, thou art dysposed to mocke,

Of all holy churche, he is the pryncypall heade.

Infidelitas:

Marry that is true, he sendeth out bulles vndre lead

And he hath two keyes, the one to open hell,

The other speareth heauen, thus do newe heretykes

They report also, that dogges haue no deuocyō, (tel

To hys holy lawes, nor to hys olde instruccyon.

Pseudodoc|ina.
|  |

Why shuld dogges hate hym? make that more euys

Infidelitas.

(dent.

They loue no pefe pourege, nor yet reade hearynges in  
lent,

Stock fysh nor oysters, but curse hym body and bone,

And wolde hys reade spiottes, & rotte fysh were gone

Cush, I heare them I, and that maketh me full sad.

Hypocritis.

Eyther thou doest mock, or els thou art sure mad.

Infidelitas

I heare the people, complayne very much of the.

Pseudodoc|ina.
|  |

What is their pratinge, I praye the hartely tell me.

Infidelitas.

They saye, thou teachest, nothyng but lowsy tradyciōs

And

Actus quartus.

And lyes for lucre, with damnable supersticyons.  
And thus they cōclude, y<sup>e</sup> the draffe of popyshe prystes  
Is good ynough for swyne, by whom they meane the  
papistes.

Yea, and they saye also, the dyet of men is all,  
To most vyle carren, the dogges wyll sonest fall.

Pseudodoctrina.

Than do they compare, the papistes vnto dogges.

Infidelitas.

Marry that they do, & to soch swynyshe hogges,  
As in swyll & soffe, are brought vp all their lyfe.  
Soch are the papistes, they saye both man and wyfe.  
They saye of the also, that thou art a noughty knaue,  
By prouylng and lyenge, ye fryers wolde all haue.  
Thyne order they saye, is spronge even out of hell,  
And all this knowledge, they haue now of the Gospe.

Hypocrisis.

(pell.

Why, where is he now, I besyche the hartely tell.

Infidelitas

By the messe abroade, & I warāde ye make y<sup>e</sup> renell.  
I commoned with hym, and he ded vdespyse.  
Agaynst hym therfor, sumwhat must we denyse.

Pseudodoctrina.

Marry that must we, or els it wyll be wronge,  
He wyll sure destroye vs, if we do suffer hym longe.  
Nedes must we serue hym, as we ones serued Christ.

Infidelitas.

Why madbrayned whoreshe, how ded ye hādle Christ?

¶ v Pseudo



Christi lex corrupta.  
Pseudodoctrina.

As he preached here, we followed frō place to place.  
To trappe hym in snare, and hys doctryne to deface.  
Than founde we the meanes, to put hym so to deatch,  
Least he agaynst vs, shuld open any more breath.  
And we set foure knyghtes, to kepe hym downe in hys  
graue.

That he neuer more, our lyuynge shuld deprane.

And thus must we serue, the Gospel, no remedye,  
Els wyl he destroye, our lyuynge perpetuallye.  
Better one were lost, than we shuld peryshe all,  
As Cayphas ones sayd, in counsell pharysaycall.  
Infidelitas.

By God & wele sayd. Whā ye haue hym i hys graue,  
Stāpe hym downe tyll he shyte, & serue hym lyfe a  
Hypocrysis. knaue.

We must so ordre hym, that he go no more at large.  
Pseudodoctrina.

Foure knyghtes wyl we hyre, whō we shall freyghtes  
ly charge,

To kepe hym downe harde. The first are ambycouse  
pielates,

Then cometouse lawyers, that Gods worde spyghful  
ly hates,

Loides without lernynge, & iustices vnyghfull,  
These wyl kepe hym downe, and rappe hym on the  
skull.

Thein

Actus quartus.

Ether somenere & ether scribes, I warāde ye shal stere  
With balyues and catchpolles, to holde hym downe  
euery where.

I trowe Ruggge & Corbet, At Norwiche wyll do theire  
part,

With wharton of Bongaye, and for my sake put hym  
Hypoerysis. (to I mart.

And I wyll rayse vp, in the vnyuersytees,  
The seuen sleepers there, to aduānce the popes decrees  
As Sorbel & Suns, Durande & Thomas of Aquyne  
Themastre of sentens, with Bachon the great deuyn  
Bericus de Gādano. And these shal read ad clerū,  
Aristotle and Albert, de secretis mulierum,

With the cōmentaries, of Auicen and Auerroes,  
And a Phebo Phebe, whych is very good for boyes.  
Iun. delitas,

Yea, and lete the pope, as Gods owne vycar here,  
In hys hande thre crosses, & iii. crownes on hys head  
here.

Hys power betokenynge, in heauē, in earth, & in hell  
That he maye commaunde, all kynges to subdne the  
Pseudodotrina, (Gospell.

Hys selfe maye do that, he nede cōmaunde nō other.  
Is not he the head, of the holy church our mothers  
Maye not he make sayntes, and deuyls at hys owne  
pleasure?

Whych hath in hys hādes, the keyes & churches trea.  
So wele as he made, S. Hermā first a saynt. (sure  
And twenty years after, of heresy he attayns:

Christi lex corrupta.

First he sent hym to heauen, by hys canonizacyon,  
And from thens to helle, by an excommunycacyon,  
We reade of Formosus, that after he was dead,  
One pope hys syngars, an other cut of hys head.  
And threwe hys carcas, into the floud of Tyber,  
With the head & syngars, as Platina doth remēber.

In token that he, is iudge ouer quyk and dead,  
And maye dāpne & saue, by hys pardons vndre lead,  
Syluester the secōde, to the deuyl himself ones gaue  
For that hygh offyce, that he myght dampne & saue.  
He offered also, hys stones to Sathan, they saye,  
For prestes chastyte, and so went their marriage as

Hypocrisis.

(waye.

Here is one cōmyng, enquire what he intende.

Infidelitas.

Ha: it is the Gospell, from hym God vs defende.

Pseudodoctrina.

Exit secreto.

Shewe me brother myne, who ded the hyther sende.

Euangelium.

The father of heanen, of hys mere benyuolence,

I desyre therfor, to haue fre audyence.

Pseudodoctrina.

Ye mynde than to preache, afore this cumpanyes

Euangelium.

In the lawes of God, wolde I instruct the gladlye.

For non other waye, there is vnto saluacyon,

But the worde of God, in euery generacyon,

That



**Actus quartus.**

**That quyetneth, that sauerth, yt bryngeth vnto heale  
As before his death, Christ taught the Apostle alen.**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**Preache here thou shalt not, without the auctoryte,  
Of pope or byshopp, or of some of their affynyte.**

**Euangelium.**

**Gods word neuer taketh, his auctoryte of man.**

**Pseudodoctrina.**

**Thou shalt not here preache, do thou the best thou canst  
Hypocrisis.**

**Gods blessinge on your good hart, it is spoken euen  
(like a man.**

**We knowe this daye ser, we haue a full holy feast,  
And must go processyō, with the blessed rode of reast.  
We haue longe mattens, longe laudes, longe houres  
longe pyyme.**

**Masse, euē songe, cōplyue, & all must be done i tyme.  
Sensynge of the aulters, & castynge of holy water,  
Holy breade makynge, with other necessary matter.**

**Euangelium.**

**Haue God commaūded, any soch thyngeste be done?  
Pseudodoctrina.**

**What is that to the? go meddle thou with olde shone,  
Cannyst thou saye but they, are good sygnysfycacyons?  
Euangelium.**

**I saye they are frutes, of your ymagynacyons**

**To brynge in lucre, & darken Gods hygh glorye,**

**Of**

Christilex corrupta,  
Of you God doth axe, no soch vayne beggerye:  
Christ neuer sent hys, to shewe synnyfycacyons,  
But hys lyuynge, worde, to all the christen nacyons,  
Ye forsake the lord, as Esaias doth tell,  
And hyghly blaspheme, the holie of Israel.

In hys first chaptre, this horryble sentence is,  
*Quis hæc frustranea quaesivit de manibus uestris.*  
Who hath requyred, of you soch sacryfycer  
In vayne offer you, that vncōmaunded seruyce:  
Your incense to me, is great abhomynacyen,  
I sore abhorre it, and moch detest your fashyon:

Whan yepiaye to me, I geue ye non attendaunce,  
But auert my face (sayth God) & my cōstenaunce.  
By this ye maye se, that the lord doth not regarde,  
Your māgy mutterynge, neyher graūt it any rewarde  
Viomā wylleth Paule, to speake in the congregacyon  
In a straunge language, without iūterpretacyon.

In your latyne houres, the flocke do ye not consydre,  
But declare your selues, to be Romysh all togydre.  
Be not led about (sayth Paule) by any straunge let-  
nyng,

What els is your doctryne, but a blynde popyshe thyn,  
Getestifyeth also, *Non enim ut baptizarem,* ge  
*Misit me Christus, sed ut euangelizarem.*

Christ hath not me sent, that I shuld baptise,  
sayth Paule. But



Actus quartus.

But to preach his worde, to the confort of mannyes  
soule.

Too, though baptyme be, a thyng very necessarye,  
yet must it geue place, to Gods worde, no remedye.  
Why than preferre ye, your draffyshe ceremonies?  
To the Gospell preachynge: O dampnable iniuries.

Hypocrysis.

Why suffer ye hym, to prattle here so longe?

Pseudodoctrina.

Get the hens shortly, or with the it wyll be wronge.

Infidelitas.

Intrat.

Peace be here & God, Maistre doctour, by your leave,  
That I maye declare, a pardone here in my sleue.

Of our lady of Boston, Ingham, and saynt Johans  
nes frarye,

With the indulgence, of blessyd saynt Antonye.

Pseudodoctrina.

Wele, take thy pleasure, and do it hardelye.

Hypocrysis.

Syr, he doth me wroge, for this daye it is my dayen,  
To preache my brotherhede, & gather my lymytacyon

Pseudodoctrina.

Who first speake first speede, steppe fourth and reade  
thy pardon,

And whan he hath done, your course is fatherward

Euangeliiū,

What course appoynt ye, for preachynge of the Gospell

Pseudodoctrina.

Twolde



Christilex corrupta!

I wolde thy Gospell, & thou were both now in hell.

Euangelii.

Why, & shall thys baggage, put by the word of God?

Pseudodocctrina.

Thou wilt not be answered, tyll thou fele a sharper rod.

Infidelitas.

Good christen people, I am come hyther verelye,

As a true pocktour, of the howse of saynt Antonye.

Of cleane remyssyon, I haue brought ye indulgence,

A pena & culpa, for all your synne and offence.

By the auctoryte, of pope Leo & pope Clement,

Pope Bonyface, pope Pius, pope Johan & pope Ine

(nocent.

And here I blesse ye, with a wyng of the holy Ghost.

Flōthonder to saue ye, & frō spretes in every coost.

Lo, here is a belle, to hange vpon your hogge,

And saue your cattell, from the bytyng of a dogge.

So many as wyll come, to thys holy fraternyte,

Come paye your moneye, & ye shall haue letters of me

Pseudodocctrina.

Let me haue a letter, for I wyll be a brother.

Hypocrisis.

Then geue me a belle, for I wyll be another.

Euangelii.

O dampnable leadyng, of Babylonicall sodomytes,

Your selues ye declare, to be shamefull hypocrytes.

Lord petytie thy people, and take awaye these gydes,

These scorners, these robbers, these cruell homycydes

God

A Quasquartus.

Such prophetes are they, as God ded neuer sende,  
As Hieremy sayth, they dampnable wayes pretende.

Wo hypocrytes wo, for here ye tryfle and mocke,  
With christen people, & the kyngedō of heauē vplocke  
Ye counte it a game, to lose that Christ hath bought,  
With hye precyouse bloud, & here most derely sought  
Oh ye are wretches, and pestylent Antichristes,  
Mynisters of Sagon, and most deceytfull papystes.

Lyke rauenouse wolues, poore wydowes ye deuoure,  
By tytle of prayer, eternall dāpnacyon is youre,  
Your owne dreames ye folowe, but matter moch more  
wayghye,

Ye do not esteeme, as iudgeniēt, saythe, and mercy.  
Wo pharysees wo, ye make cleane outwardlye,  
But inwardes ye are full, of couetousnesse & baudrye,

Paynted tumbers are ye, a pryenge ryght bewtyfull,  
But within ye stynke, & haue thoughtes very shame  
full.

Ye slewe the prophetes, your doynge yet beare wyte  
nesse,

How thynke ye to auoyde, that poynt of vnryghteous  
nesse?

Oh ragynge serpētes, and vyperouse generacyon,  
How can ye escape, the daunger of dampnacyon?

Pleudodctrina.

f

who

Christi lex corrupta;

Whe made the so bolde, to medle within my care?  
And teache newe lernynge? In heretyke art thou sure?  
If due serch were made, we shuld fynde the (I thynke)

Euangelium,

(no pryst.

yes, anoynted of God, but no popyshe Antichrist.

Pseudodoctrina.

Lette me se, where are, the letters of thy orders?

Euangelium

Where Christ hys self is, & not in these same borders  
No such pryst am I, as is anoynted with oyle,  
But the holy Gost, for I am non of thys soyle.

Pseudodoctrina.

Here I attache the, for a busye scysmarye.

And wyll the accuse, for an haynouse heretyke.

Lay handes vpon hym, & depryue hym of thys apa-  
rell.

Hic veste spoliatum sordidioribus induunt.

Loe, thus wyll I handle, all the y<sup>t</sup> shall take thy quarrell  
Holde awaye with thys gere, & laye it fourth a syde.

hypocrisis.

Naye, tarry brother myne, for away shalt thou not slyde

Euangelium,

I am not goynge, why doest thou slaunder me?

Infidelitas,

Burne hym to ashes, and shewe to hym no pytie.

Pseudodoctrina.

Trans



**Actus quartus.**

Brent shall he not be, if he wyll nomore do so.  
Fellawe how sayst thou wilt thou here abiure or no?  
Euangelium.

I wyll neyther abiure, nor yet recant Gods glorye.  
Pseudodoctrina.

I offered the reason, and therto thou wilt not applye,  
Wele get the forewarde, for thou shalt sure dye.  
The rompos all power, shall iudge the to the fyre,  
At our accusment, and holy relygyouse desyre.  
Euangelium.

Though yow for my sake, impryson men cruellye,  
Smyth them, stocke them, & them with fagotes frye  
Hurt me ye shall not for I can neuer dye,  
And they for my sake, shall lyue perpetuallye.  
Pseudodoctrina.

Here is a pratyng, with a very vengeaunce hens.  
Hypocrysis. Exeunt cum

This horrible heretyke, now shall we well recompens  
Infidelitas.

Yea, burne hym wele fryre, and lere hym no longer  
ragne,

Laye on grene fagotes, to put hym to the more payne.

By the messe I laugh, to se how this gere doth wurke  
Beis lyke of the, to haue nomore grace than a turke,  
For soch knaues they are, as a man shall not lyghtly  
fynde,

And rate hell ouer. Companye they are to my mynde

Christi lex corrupta.

My busynesse all, is now at a good confusyon,  
That I haue here brought, these.ii.j.lawes to confusyon  
Nowe shall I be able, to lyue here peaceablye,  
And make frowlyfe here, with hey how fryssa! Jolye.  
The lawe of Nature, I test first in a leprye.  
By the secrete helpe, of ydolatrie and sodomye.

The lawe of Moses, I made a crypple blynde,  
Quaryce & Ambycyon, to helpe me were not behynde  
And now Christes lawe, I haue brent for heresy,  
By helpe offalse doctryne, & my cosyne hypocresye,  
On these same.iii.lawes, all other lawes depende,  
And can not preuaile, now these are at an ende.

If christen gouerners, do not these lawes vphelde,  
Their cunyle ordynaūces, wyll sone be very colde.  
Well, thys valeaūt George, hath made them all to  
steupe

Cheare, now maye I make, & set cocke on the houle.  
Fyll in all the potres, and byd me welcome hostesse,  
And go call me hyther, myne owne swete mynyō Bessie

Finis Actus quartus.

Incipit



Incipit Actus quintus.  
Vindicta Dei.



Quid gloriaris in malicia qui potens  
es in iniquitate.

Thy vengeable wretch, replete with  
poyson and vyce,

Why doest thou thus reioyce, in cruel  
tie and malyce?

Thynkest thou that God slepeth, & wyll not hys defēde  
And that thy myschese, shall neuer haue an ende?

The bloude of innocentes, to hym for vengeaunce call  
And therfor this houre, must I scarcely vpo the fall

Infidelitas.

Thy sprete of the ayre, I strayghely coniure the here,  
By panton & Eraton, and charge the to com no nere:

Vindicta Dei.

Thynkest thou to stoppe me, with thy folysh cōiuracyon  
Whom God sendeth hyther, for thy abhomynacyon?

Infidelitas.

What art thou called: thy name to me rehear.

Vindicta Dei.

I am vindicta Dei, in pōnyshment most scarce,  
With water, with swerde, and with fyre I must the  
pearce.

Infidelitas.

Be good in thy offyce, and thou shalt haue moneye and  
meate.

Vindicta Dei.

By sylthy rewardes, thou cannyst not me intreate,



Christi sex corrupta,

But that I wyll do, as God hath me commaunded.  
For if worldly gyftes, my furye myght haue changed,  
The vniuersall worlde, had not bene drowned with  
water,

Nor Sodome and Gomor, with so fyery fearfull ma-  
ter.

Nor yet the Israelytes, with terrour of the sworde,  
With hungre and pestylence, in the anger of Gods  
worde,

Pharao in Egipte, the plagues had neuer felte,  
Myght I haue bene stopped, for syluer or for gelte.  
Into Egipte I brought, ten terribble pōnyshmentes  
Vpon the people, for breakefynge hys commaūdemētes  
Their wholsom waters, I turned into bloude,  
I multiplyed frogges, to poyso therwith their foudre

I made waspes & dranes, t hem greuously to styngre,  
And all kyndes of flyes, sone after ded I in brynge  
Vpon their cattel, I threwe the foule pestylence,  
Both birche, byle & blayne, they had for their offence,  
Lyghtenynges and haylynges, destroyed their come  
and frute,

A swarne of hungry locustes, their pastours destitute

The space of thre dayes, I gaue them palpable darke-  
nesse,

I flew

Actus quintus,

I slewe the first goost, of mā & beast for thy rudenes  
for I neuer stryke, but for the, Insydelyte.

Infidelitas,

Stryke forme quoth A: By the mary Masse I desye  
Vindicta Dei. the.

What, thou wylt not so, thy braynes are not so lyght.

Infidelitas.

Anger me not to moch, for if thou do, I fyght.

Vindicta Dei.

All that wyl not helpe, thy wycked workynges now,  
Whan the stronger come, the weaker must nedes bowe.  
The lawe of Nature, infected thou hast with a leprye:

Infidelitas,

Naye, it was not I, but that wythe Ibolarye,  
And that polde shorne knave, that men call Sedomye

Vindicta Dei.

Of whom spronge they first? but of Insydelyte?

Therfor thou shalt haue that plague of penalte,

Whych they first tasted, for their inqwyze.

For those two vyces, I drowned the worlde with wa-  
ter.

In token wherof, I plague the with the same matter:  
hic Infidelitatem lymphapercutit.

Infidelitas,

Eush, I desye thy worst. Thys shall not dryue me hce  
for after the floude, with Cham had I resydence,

And so contrynued, tyll Moyses lawe came in,

With hys iolye tryckes, a newe rule to begyn.

f iiii

vindicta



Restauratio legum diuinarum?

Vindicta Dei.

Aud hym thu corruptedest, with Avaryce & Ambys  
And so dedyst leaue hym, in miserable cōdycyō. (cyō,  
Thu shalt haue therfor, that than to them was due,  
Most terryble battayle, the Israclytes vntue,  
That tyme ded suffer, for their infydelyte,  
Wherfor with thys swerde, I iustlyc bannyshe the.

Bycause thu shalt here, geue place to Christes gōspel  
Gladio Infidelitatem denuo cedit.

Infidelitas.

Yet wyll I not hens, but agaynst oneer rebell.

Sed not I remayne, with Judas and other more?  
Whan Christ preached here, & taught them tu vext  
• hym sore?

yes, & after that, was I with Simon Magus,  
With Saunder Copper Smyth, with Elumas and Se  
metrius.

And now I perseuer, amōge y<sup>e</sup> rāferable of papystes  
Teachyng ther shorlynges, to playe the Antichrystes.

Vindicta Dei.

The innocent bloude, of sayntes continuallye,  
Soth call vnto God, to reuenge their inurye,  
Agaynst false doctryne, and cursed hypocresye,  
Whom thu hast raysted, the glory of the Gospell,  
To darken, and bys fryndes, most miserably to quell.  
Wherfor thu shalt haue, lyke as thu hast deserved  
for



Actus quintus.

For thy wretched doynges, thy ponyshment now doubled.  
Ignis ipsū piceedet, the Prophete David sayth thus  
Atq; inflammabit in circuitu inimicos eius.  
A consumynge fyre, shall ronne before the iudge,  
Hys enemyes consumynge, they shal fynde no refuge.

Ob scelera & culpas hominum, ritusq; nefandos  
In cineres ibit tellus, tenuemq; fauillam.

As Mantuan writeth, for the wretchednesse of the,  
The earth to ashes, by fyre shall turned be.

Ignis flamma Infidelitatem locum exire coget  
Infidelitas

Credo, credo, credo, I saye, Credo, credo, credo,  
To the dewyll of helle, by the Messe I wene I go.

Deus pater.

Exit.

As ye haue seane here, how I haue strycken with fire  
The pestylent vyce, of Infydelyte.

So wyll I destroye, in the scarcenesse of myn eyre,  
All sectes of errour, with their enourmyte,  
Whych hath rysen out, of that iniquyte.  
For as it is sayd, that my hande hath net few,  
Shall vp by the rote, no power maye it lett.

The Apostle Johan, in the Apocalyps doth saye,  
He sawe a newe heauen, & a newe earth aperryng.  
The olde earth & see, were taken cleane awaye,  
That heauē is māys sayth, i hat earth hys vnder  
standynge,

f

Whom

**Sestauratio legum diuinarum.**

Whom we haue renned, by our most secret workinge,  
The olde cancred earth, exyllynge with the see,  
Whych is superstycyon, and Infydelyte.

A newe Hierusalem, the sayd Iohan also se,  
As a bewtyfull bryde, prepared to her husbande.  
Our true faythfull churche, is that same fayr cytie,  
Whom we haue clensed, by the power of our ryght  
hande.

As a spouse to Christ, in every christen lande.  
Bannysshynge the sectes, of Babylonicall poperye,  
That she in the spiete, maye walke to our glorie.

Resort ye thre lawes, for yow wyll I clere also,  
Of soch infeccyons, as by Infydelyte,  
Ye haue receyued, That ye with her maye go,  
Declarynge the wayes, of Christen lyberte,  
That vs she maye take, without perplexite,  
For her only God, and be our people styll,  
In our lawes walkynge, accordyng to our wyll.

**Omnes simul.**

At your commaundement, we are most blessed lorde.

**Deus pater.**

Approche nyghar than, and ye shall be restorde.

Thu lawe of Nature, we first begynne with the,  
Restorynge the agayne, to thy first puryte.  
Auoyde Idolatrye, Auoyde vyle Sodomye,

**We**



**Actus quintus.**

We charge ye now, this lawe to putrefye:  
Depe styl that same hart, for a sygne perpetuall,  
That thou wert written, in mannys hart first of all.

Thou lawe of Moses, geue me that dayle from the,  
No longer shalt thou, next her blynde nor croked be.  
Hens thou Ambycyon, and cursed Couetousnes,  
I here bannysh yow, from this lawe euer doughtles.  
Lose not those tables, whych are a token true,  
That thou in the flesh, shalt euermore conynue.

Thou lawe of the Gospell, though thou be last of all,  
In operacyon yet, thou art the pryncypall.  
From the Jexyle, hypocresy and false doctryne,  
With all that depende, vpon the papystycall lyne,  
Reserue the same boke, for a sygne of heauely poure,  
For that boke thou art, that Iohan from heauen ded  
Naturæ lex. (deuoure)

Euerlastyng prayse, to thy gloryouse maieste.

Moseh lex.

Our heauely gouernour, great is thy gracyouse prync

Christi lex.

Of mankynde thou art, the eternall felycyte.

Naturæ lex.

Now leauest thy seruantes, in thy perpetuall peace.  
To do the seruyce, from hens wyll we not ceace.

Moseh lex.

For our eyes haue seene, what thou hast now prepared.

for



Restauratio diuinarum legum.

For thy peoples helth, whych hath bene here declared  
Christi lex.

Allyghte thou hast sent, whych is thy ioyousse Gospell,  
To the consolacyon of the howse of Israel.  
Naturæ lex.

In reioyce of thys, make we some melodye.  
Moseh lex.

The name of our God, to prayse and magnysye.  
Christi lex.

I assent herto, and wylI synge very gladlye.  
Hic ad Dei gloriam cantabunt. In exitu Israel de  
Aegypto, Vel aliud simile.  
Deus pater:

Now haue we destroyed, the kyngedome of Babylon,  
And throwne the great whore, into the bottōlesse pyt,  
Restorynge agayne, the true fayth and relygyon,  
In the churche, as we haue thought it fyt,  
Depurynge these lawes, so to contynue yt.

Man is our creature, & hath grace in our syght,  
To dwell with hym now, is our whole hartes delyght

Man is our people, bys God we are agayne,  
With hym wylI we haue, contynuall residence.  
Awaye wylI we wyte, from hym all sorow: & payne:  
Shall no longer, dyspayre for his offence,  
Nor haue i his soule, any caresull doubt of consyēce  
The olde popys hnesse, is past whych was dāpnacyon,  
We haue now renued, our churche congregacyon,

Stande

ACTUS quintus.

Stande fourth christe sayth, & take our aduertysment  
We here appoynt the, to gouerne our congregacyon,  
Se thou do nothyng, without the admonyshment,  
Of these thre lawes here. Enprient their declaracyon  
Of my swete promyses, and than make thou relacyon,  
To my folke agayne, that they maye walke to me,  
Without popyshe dreames, in a persygt lyberte.

Fides Christiana.

Most heauenly maker, in yt thou doest commaūde me,  
Euermore wyll I, full prompt and dylygent be.

Deus pater.

Thou lawe of Nature, shalt teach man God to knowe  
And that to refuse, wherby any yll maye growe.

Naturæ lex.

From thys your precept, shall I not varye I trowe.

Deus pater.

Teache thou hym also, to worshyp one God aboue,  
And hys poore neyber, to prosecute with leue.

Moleh lex.

I hope blessed lorde, to do as me shall behoue.

Deus pater.

And thou shalt teache hym, to loue God in hys hart,  
And those to forgeue, by whom he suffereth smart.

Christi lex.

In your appoyntmentes, wyll I do also my part.

Deus pater.

Worke thou in the hart, a knowledge necessarye,  
In the flesh worke thou, by outwarde ceremonye.

Change

**Restauratio legum diuinarum.**

**Change thou to the spret, the moetynges of these two,  
And cause our people, in a perfyght waye to go.  
Take hede christe sayth, to the teachynges of these thre  
And moue our people, to walke in the verye.**

**The promyses we made, in all these thre at Gospell,  
We wolde thou shuldest so, to our congregacyon tell.  
Our euerlastyng bleddyng, be with you euermore,  
Omnes simul.**

**To this swete name lorde, prayse & perpetuall honou  
Fides Christiana. (re.**

**It hath pleased God, to put me in this offyce,  
To gouerne his churche, and chusten congregacyon,  
And therein to do, as ye shall me entyce.**

**Geue me I praye you, soch wholsom exhortacyon,  
As maye be to Man, a clere edyfycacyon.  
And I wyll be glad, to take your aduertysement,  
As it shall become, any chylde obedyent.**

**Christi lex.**

**We speake it full wele, that marke what shall be sayed  
And dylygentlye, loke that it be obeyed.**

**Naturæ lex.**

**The effect of me, is for to knowe the lorde,  
Euverlastyng, stronge, most graciouslye and godlye.  
And as touchyng Man, to haue fraternall con corde,  
Fauet to noyssh, and to do non iniurye.  
To kepe couenautes made, and loue true matrimonye,  
These noble effectes, so temper you in Man.**

**That**



**Actus quintus**

**That them to fulfyll, he do the best he can.**

**Moseh lex.**

The effect of me, is for to worshyp the lorde,  
As one God alone, and to fle from Idolatrye.  
Not to slee nor stele, nor yet to beate false recorde,  
To shewe what is synne, and to seke the remedye,  
Publyque peace to holde, & sore to p̄nysh the gyltye,  
From these good effectes, set that Mā neuer swerue,  
Than shall he be sure, that God wyll hym preserue.

**Christi lex.**

The effect of me, is for to loue the lorde,  
In the innar sprete, and to sauer frynde & enmye,  
And in all poyntes els, with Gods wyll to accorde  
To preache remysyon, to saue and to iustysye,  
In Christ all to seke, lyfe, iustyce, peace and mercye,  
These heauenly effectes, in Mā so incorporate,  
That he maye in sprete, be newly regenerate.

**Fides Christiana.**

Mores wete than honye, are your thre exhortacyons,  
And registred they be, in my memoryall.  
Now wyll I forwarde, to all the christen nacions,  
And se in effect, these lawes obserued all,  
To the abolysment, of the dreames papystycall.  
Now the lyght is come, the darknesse dyeth awaye,  
I trust in the lorde, men wyll walke in the daye.

Good christen people, to these thre lawes applye,  
First knowe that ye haue, a lyuynge God aboue,

**Then**

Actus quintus,

Than do hym honour, and by a name magnysye,  
Worshyp hym in spiet. as the Gospel yow doth moue  
Than obeye your kynge, lyke as shall yow behoue,  
For he in hys lyfe, that lorde doth represent,  
To sauegarde of the iust, & synners ponysshment.

Set hat ye regarde, sodh lawes as he doth make,  
For they are of God, as Salomon doth report.  
Of these lawes doubtes, those lawes their ground  
dynge take.

To the publyque welth, to gene ayde, strength & cōfort  
For preseruacyon, of all the christen sort.

In no case folowe, the wayes of Keygnolde Pele,  
To hys dampnacyon, he doubtes playeth the fole.

Haue a due respect, vnto your contreye natyue,  
Whych hath brought ye vp, & genen ye nourysment,  
Euen from your cradles, to these dayes nutrytyue,  
So that ye maye do, to her welth and preferment,  
Myngster to her, no hatefull detryment.

A dogge to hys frynde, wyll neuer be vnloynge,  
Let reason in ye, nor lose hys naturall wo:kyng.

Naturæ lex.

Who lyueth without lawe, shal perysh without lawe  
And therfor we haue, thre lawes to yow descrybed,  
That after their lyue, ye shuld in your lyuynge drawe  
We haue also shewed, how they haue bene corrupted,  
By fowle Idolaters, and sodomites polluted,

By

Restauratio diuinarum legum.

By couetouse prestes, and by ambycouse prelates,  
Hypocriticall fryres, false doctours & false curates  
Moleh lex.

Who hath restored, these same thre lawes agayne;  
But your late Josias, & valeaunt kynge Henrye.  
No prynce afore hym, toke euery yet soch payne,  
Frō Englande to banyshe, Idolatrye & fowle sodomye  
Couetousnes. Ambycye, false doctryne & hypocresye.  
It was he that brought, Chyestes veryte to lyght,  
Whan he put the pope, with hys fylthynges to flyght.

Christi lex.

Frō dānable darkenesse, as my bother here doth saye,  
He hath delynered, thys realme of Englande godlye  
Bryngynge hys subiectes, into the true path waye,  
Of their sowles sauegarde, if they now folowe it my  
selye.

And left them he hath, the same waye styl to fortifye,  
Hys noble sonne Edward, soch a kynges of god elect  
As questyonles wyll, perfourme it in effect.

Fides Christiana.

Praye all to the lorde, for the longe contynuaunce,  
Of hys graces lyfe, in thys worldes habytacyon.  
And that of hys nobles, he haue true mayntenaunce,  
In the pryncyples, of thys most worthy foundacyon,  
That he maye to Chyist, brynge vs from desolacyon.  
Praye for quene Katerine, & y<sup>e</sup> noble lorde protectour  
With the whole counsell, that God be their direc  
tour,  
Amen.



Into fyue personages maye the partes  
of this Comedy be deuyled.

The Prolocutour.  
Christen fayth.  
Infydelyte.  
The first.

The lawe of Nature.  
Couetousnesse.  
False doctryne.  
The seconde.

The lawe of Moses.  
Idolatrie.  
Hypocresye.  
The third.

The lawe of Christ.  
Ambycyon.  
Sodomie.  
The fourt.

Deus pater.  
Vindicta Dei.  
The fift.

The aparellinge of the six vyces, or  
frutes of Infydelyte.

Lette Idolatry be decked lyke an olde wyche, Sodomie lyke a monke of all sectes, Ambycyon lyke a byshop, Couetousnesse lyke a pharyse or spyrituall lawer, false doctryne, lyke a popysh doctour, and hypocresy lyke a graye fryre. The rest of the partes are easye ynough to coniecture.



# A longe upon Benedictus

Compyled by Johan Bale.



Benedictus dominus, Deus Isra-  
rael,

Whych hath ouerthrowne, the  
myghty Idoll Bel,

The false god of Rome, by poure  
of the Gospell,

And hath prepared, from the  
depe lake of hell,

Redemptionem plebis sue.

Et erexit cornu, of mercy helth and grace,  
That cruell tyraunt, now clerely to deface,  
Whose bloudy fynygedome, demynysbeth apace,  
By the worde of God, whych lately hath take place,  
In domo Dauid pueri sui,

Sicut locutus est, the lorde celestyall,  
That Romysh Antichrist, is lyke to haue a fall,  
With hys whole rable, of sectes dyabolycall,  
And now the nombre, wyll florysh ouer all,  
Prophetarum eius.

Salutem ex inimicis, now we maye dayly heare,

The



The enemyes of Christ with hym doth wytnesse beare  
Saul is become a paulc, and preacheth euery where,  
Now maye we receyue, most heauenly wholsom geare  
De manu eorum qui oderunt nos.

Ad faciendam, misericordiam,  
The sonne of our God, from hys hygh glory cam,  
To redeme the synne, of the chyl dren of Adam,  
And to remembre, to faythfull Abraham,  
Testamenti sui sancti.

Iusiurandum, whych God hath made afore,  
Vnto our fathers, he wyll kepe euermore,  
Promesed he hath, if we regarde hys loze,  
For sakynge the pope, with hys dampnable store,  
Daturum se nobis.

Ut sine timore, from Romyshe tyrauntes fre,  
The lorde graunt vs grace, that we maye speakers be,  
Of hys holy worde, and therin to agre,  
That in the Gospell, and christen lyberte,  
Seruiamus illi.

In sanctitate, and purenesse of lyfe,  
Let vs now trauayle, both mayden man and wyfe,  
All ryghtwoys doynges, in vs be cuer ryfe,  
That we perseuer, without debate or stryfe,  
Omnibus diebus nostris.

Tu puer propheta, elected of the lorde,  
Kynge Edward the sixt, to haue Gods lawe restorde,  
Folowest Josias, therof to take recorde,  
In all thy doynges, and in Gods holy worde,  
Parare vias eius.

Ad dandam scientiam, for mennys helth & sanegarde  
Christes holy Gospel, by the isfrelye hearde,  
Wherin doth consyst, their lyfe and full rewarde,  
With preseruacyon, from daungerouse icoparde,  
Peccatorum eorum.

Per uiscera, misericordiae,  
Christ our dere master, vs dayly ouerse,  
Least we here perysh, in our iniquyte,  
Our medyatour, contrynually is he,  
Oriens ex alto.

Illuminare, swete lorde we the desyre,  
Comen in darkenesse, and in the popyshe myre,  
Lete not hys baggage, thy faythfull seruaunte styre,  
But vs delyuer, from them and from hell fyre,  
In uiam pacis.  
Amen.

The commaundementes breuelye.  
Lone thy lord God. Swear thou none othe.  
Thy sabbath kepe, Please thy fryndes bothe.  
Wytnes non yll. Holde no mannys wyfe.  
Brybe no mannys good. Sleene not with knyfe.  
Wyssh no mannys howse, Nor oxe nor asse.  
Nor thou wilt haue, So thou lyfe casse.

**Thys endeth thys Comedy**  
concernynge thre lawes, of Nature, Mo-  
ses, and Christ, corrupted by the Sodomy-  
tes, Pharisees & papystes most wycked.  
Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno  
M. D. XXXVIII, and lately im-  
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